THE KIPLING READER

For
Upper Grades

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THE KIPLING READER FOR UPPER GRADES

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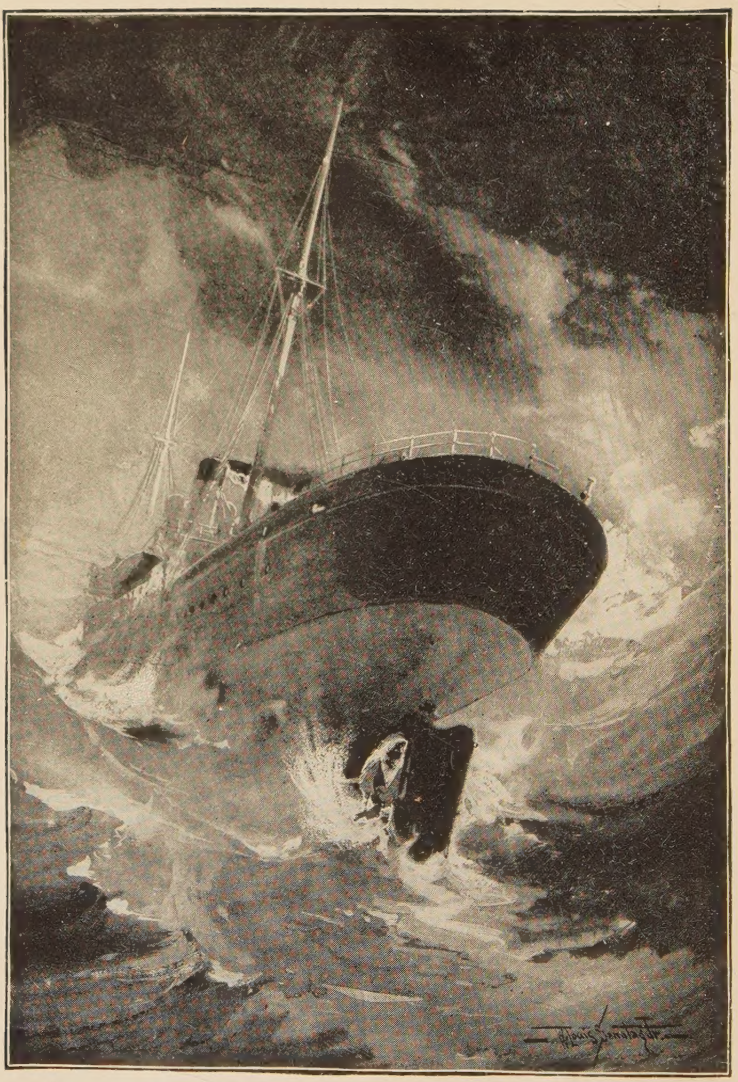

"An unusually severe pitch . . . had lifted the big, throbbing screw nearly to the surface." (*See page 173.*)

THE KIPLING READER

FOR UPPER GRADES

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY
NEW YORK CHICAGO

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PREFATORY NOTE

The editors of this book wish to extend their thanks to Mr. Kipling, The Century Company and Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company, whose coöperation has made this book possible. It is hoped that the volume will lead many readers to the beautiful and stimulating world of literature that Mr. Kipling has created.

IF ——

IF YOU can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you,
But make allowance for their doubting too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,
Or being hated don't give way to hating,
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise:

If you can dream — and not make dreams your master;
If you can think — and not make thoughts your aim,
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster
And treat those two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools;

If you can make one heap of all your winnings
And risk it on one turn of pitch-and-toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
Except the Will which says to them: "Hold on!"

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with Kings — nor lose the common touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And — which is more — you'll be a Man, my son!

THE BOLD 'PRENTICE

AN INDIAN RAILWAY STORY OF HOW YOUNG OTTLEY EARNED HIS LOCOMOTIVE

YOUNG OTTLEY'S father came to Calcutta in 1857 as fireman on the first locomotive ever run by the D. I. R., the largest Indian railway. He spoke broad Yorkshire, but young Ottley, being born in India, talked the clipped singsong of half-castes and English-speaking natives. When he was fifteen years old the D. I. R. took him into their service as an apprentice in the locomotive repair department of the Ajaibpore Workshops, and he became one of a gang of three or four white men and nine or ten natives.

There were scores of such gangs, each with its own hoisting and overhead cranes, jack-screws, vises and lathes, and their work was to mend locomotives and to teach the apprentices to behave. But the apprentices threw screws and nuts at one another, chalked caricatures of unpopular foremen on buffer-bars and discarded boilers, and did as little as they could.

They were nearly all sons of old employees of the Company, living with their parents in the white bungalows of Steam Road, or Church Road, or Albert Road — broad avenues of pounded brick bordered by palms and crotons and bamboos and bougainvilleas that made up the railway town of Ajaib-

pore. They had never seen the sea or a steamer; half their talk was made up of Hindustani slang; they were all volunteers in the D. I. R.'s railway corps — gray uniform with red facings — and their talk was exclusively about engines and the Company.

They all hoped to become engine-drivers earning eighteen hundred dollars a year, and therefore they despised the clerks in the Stores and Audit and Traffic departments, and ducked them when they met at the Company's big swimming bath.

There were no strikes or tie-ups on the D. I. R. for the reason that the ten or twelve thousand natives and two or three thousand whites were doing their best to turn the Company's employ into a caste in which their sons and relatives would be sure of positions and pensions for evermore. Everything in India crystallizes into a caste sooner or later — the big jute and cotton mills, the leather, harness, and opium factories, the coal-mines and the dockyards — till by the third or fourth generation the heads of these concerns control not only cheap labor but inherited instincts for a certain kind of work, which no money can buy. Later on, when India begins to be heard from as the manufacturing country of the world, the Labor Unions of other lands will learn something about the beauty of caste, which will greatly interest and astonish them.

Those were the days when the D. I. R. decided that it would be cheaper to employ native drivers as much as possible, and the "Sheds," as they called the repair department, felt the change acutely; for a native driver could misuse his engine more curiously than any six monkeys. The Company had not then unified its rolling stock, and this was very good for apprentices anxious to learn because there were perhaps twenty types of locomotives in use.

There were Hawthornes, E types, O types, outside cylin-

ders, Spaulding and Cushman double-enders and short-run Continental-built tank engines with many others, but the native drivers burned them all out impartially, and the apprentices took to writing remarks in Bengali in the cab where the next driver would be sure to see them.

Young Ottley worked with the others, but his father, as an old pensioned driver, taught him a great deal, that he could not have learned in the Sheds, about the insides of locomotives; and Olaf Swanson, the red-headed Swede who ran the Government mail, the big Thursday express, from Serai Rajgara to Guldee Haut, was a friend of the Ottley family, and dined with them every Friday night.

Olaf was an important person, for besides being the best of the mail drivers, he was Past Master of the big railway Lodge, "St. Duncan's in the East," secretary of the Drivers' Provident Association, Captain in the D. I. R. Volunteer Corps, and — an author.

He had written a book in what he called English, and had had it printed at his own expense in the ticket-printing department.

Some of the copies were buff and green, and some were pink and blue, and some were yellow and brown; for Olaf liked cheapness, and wrapping-paper was cheaper than proper book paper. It was called "The Art of Road Locos Repair, or the Young Drivers' Wademecome," and was dedicated to a man of the name of Swedenborg.

It covered every conceivable accident that could happen to an engine on the road, and gave a rough and ready remedy for it; but you had to understand Olaf's English, as well as all the technical talk about engines, to make head or tail of it, and you had also to know personally every engine on the D. I. R.; for the "Wademecome" was full of what might be called "locomotive allusions."

Olaf was immensely proud of his book, and would pin young Ottley in a corner and make him learn whole pages — it was written question-and-answer fashion — by heart.

"Never mind what she means," Olaf would shout. "You learn word-perfect, and she shall help you in the Sheds. I drive the Mail — *the* Mail of all India — and what I say is true."

"But I do not wish to learn the book," said young Ottley, who thought he saw quite enough of engines in business hours.

"You *shall* learn! I haf great friendships for your father, and so I shall teach you if you like or not."

Young Ottley submitted, for he was really fond of Olaf, and at the end of six months' teaching in Olaf's peculiar way began to see that the "Wademecome" might be a very valuable help in the Repair Sheds when broken-down locomotives of a new type came in. Olaf gave him a copy bound in cartridge paper and edged round the margins with square-headed manuscript notes, each line the result of years of experience and accidents.

"There is nothing in this book," said Olaf, "that I have not tried in my time, and *I* say an engine is like the body of a man. So long as there is steam — the life, you see — so long, *if* you know, you can make her move a little — so!" He waggled his head slowly. "Till a man is dead, or an engine she is at the bottom of a river, you can do something with her. Remember that! *I* say it and I know."

He repaid young Ottley's time and attention by using his influence to get him made a sergeant in his Volunteer Corps, and young Ottley, being a keen volunteer and a good shot, stood well with the Company in the matter of casual leave. When repairs were light in the Sheds, and the honor of the corps had to be upheld at a shooting match at some faraway station against the men of Agra and Bandikui, the

narrow-gauge railway towns of the west, young Ottley would contrive to get away.

A 'prentice never dreams of paying his fare on any railroad, least of all when he is in uniform, and young Ottley was practically as free of the Indian railway system as any member of the Supreme Legislative Council who wears a golden General Pass on his watchchain and can ride where he wishes.

Late in the September of his nineteenth year, he went north to attend a shooting match, elegantly and accurately dressed, with one eighth of one inch of white collar showing above his gray uniform stock, and his rifle polished to match his sergeant's sword in the rack above him.

The Rains were out, and in India that means a good deal to the railways; for the rain falls for three months till the whole country is one sea, and the snakes take refuge on the embankment, and the racing floods puff out the brick ballast from under the iron ties, and leave the rails hanging in fantastic loops. Then the trains run as they can, and the permanent-way inspectors spend their nights flourishing about in trolleys — which are called handcars in the United States — and everybody is covered with the fire-red rash of prickly heat.

Young Ottley was used to these little things from his birth, and all that he regretted was that his friends along the line were so draggled and dripping and sulky that they could not appreciate his gorgeousness; for he considered himself very consoling to behold when he cocked his helmet over one eye and puffed native-made cigar smoke through his nostrils. Until night fell he read the works of Mr. G. W. R. Reynolds, which are sold on all the railway bookstalls.

Then he found they were changing engines at Guldee Haut, and old Rustomjee, a Parsee, was the new driver, with Number Forty in hand. Young Ottley took the opportunity to

go forward and tell Rustomjee exactly what they thought of him in the Sheds, where the 'prentices had been repairing some of his carelessness in the way of a dropped crown-sheet, I think they called it.

Rustomjee said he had bad luck with engines, and young Ottley went back to his carriage and slept. He was waked by a bang, a bump and a stop, and saw, on the opposite bunk, a lieutenant who was traveling north in charge of a detachment of some twenty English soldiers.

"What's that?" said the lieutenant.

"Rustomjee has blown her up, perhaps," said young Ottley, and dropped out into the wet, the lieutenant at his heels. There he found Rustomjee sitting by the side of the line, nursing a scalded foot and crying aloud that he was a dead man, while the gunner-guard — who is a kind of conductor — looked respectfully at the roaring, hissing engine.

"What has happened?" said young Ottley, by the light of the gunner-guard's lantern.

"*Phut gya* (She has gone smash)," said Rustomjee.

"Without doubt, but where, you old father of owls?"

"*Khuda jhanta* (God knows). I am a poor man. Number Forty is broke."

Young Ottley jumped into the cab and turned off all the steam he could find, for there was a good deal of it escaping. Then he took the lantern and dived under the driving-wheels, where he lay face up investigating among spurts of hot water.

"Doocid plucky," said the officer. "I shouldn't like to do that myself. What's gone wrong?"

"Cylinder head blown off, coupler-rod twisted, and several more things. She is very badly wrecked. Oah, yes, she is a total wreck," said young Ottley, between the spokes of the right-hand driver.

"Doocid awkward," said the lieutenant, turning up his coat collar in the wet. "What's to be done?"

Young Ottley came out, a rich black all over his red and gray uniform, and drummed on his teeth with his finger nails, while the rain fell and the native passengers shouted questions, and old Rustomjee told the gunner-guard to walk back seven or eight miles and wire for help.

"I cannot swim," said the gunner-guard. "Go and lie down."

"Olaf Swanson will be waiting at Serai Rajgara with the mail. He will be angry," said young Ottley. Then he dived under the engine again with a flare-lamp and sat cross-legged, like a Hindoo idol, considering things and wishing he had Olaf's "Wademecome" in his valise.

Number Forty was an old reconstructed Mutiny engine, with Frenchified, cock-nosed cylinders and a profligate allowance of underpinning. She had been through the sheds several times, and young Ottley had heard much about her, but nothing to her credit.

"You can lend me some men?" he said at last to the officer. "Then I think we shall disconnect this side and perhaps, notwithstanding, she will move. We will try."

"Of course we will. Hi! Sergeant!" said the lieutenant. "Turn out your men here, and do what this — officer tells you."

"Officer!" said one of the privates, under his breath. "Didn't think I ever 'listed to serve under a sergeant of volunteers. Come on, men. Here's an 'orrible street accident. Looks like mother's teakettle broke. What d'yer expect us to do, Mister Sergeant?"

Young Ottley explained his plan of campaign while he was ravaging Rustomjee's tool-chest, and then the men crawled and knelt and pushed and levered and hauled and turned

spanners under the engine, as young Ottley told them. What he wanted was to disconnect the right cylinder altogether, and get off a badly twisted coupler-rod. Practically Number Forty's right side was paralyzed, and they pulled out enough iron-mongery from underneath her to build a small bridge.

Young Ottley knew his instructions by heart from the "Wademecome," but even he began to feel a little alarmed as he saw what came away from the engine and was stacked by the side of the line. After forty minutes of the hardest kind of work it seemed to him that everything was clear, and that he might venture to give her steam. She leaked at every pore, but she moved — moved as though every foot would be her last — and the soldiers cheered.

Rustomjee flatly refused to help in anything so revolutionary as driving a locomotive on one cylinder, because, he said, heaven had decreed that he should always be unlucky, even with sound machines. Moreover, as he pointed out, the pressure-gauge was jumping up and down like a bottle imp. The stoker had long since gone away into the night, for he was a prudent man.

"Doocid queer thing altogether," said the lieutenant, "but look here, if you like I'll chuck on the coals and you can drive the old jigamaroo, if she'll move."

"Perhaps she will blow up," said the gunner-guard.

"Shouldn't at all wonder. Where's the shovel?" said the lieutenant.

"Oah, no. She's all right according to the book, I think," said young Ottley. "Now we will go to Serai Rajgara — if she moves."

She moved with a long *ssghee! ssghee!* of exhaustion. She moved at least seven miles an hour, and — for the floods were all over the line — the voyage began.

The lieutenant stoked four shovels to the minute, spreading them thin, and Number Forty made noises like a dying cow, and young Ottley discovered that it was one thing to run a healthy switching-locomotive up and down the yards for fun, and quite another to drive a very sick one over an unknown road in absolute darkness and pouring rain. But they felt their way along with their hearts in their mouths till they came to a distant signal, and whistled frugally, having no steam to spare.

"That might be Serai Rajgara," said young Ottley, hopefully.

"Looks like the Suez Canal with a steamer in it," said the lieutenant. "I say, when an engine kicks up that sort of noise she's a little impatient, isn't she?"

"That sort of noise" was a full-powered, furious yelling whistle half a mile up the line.

"That is the down mail," said young Ottley. "We have delayed Olaf two hours and forty-five minutes. She must surely be in Serai Rajgara."

"Don't wonder she wants to get out of it," said the lieutenant. "Golly, what a country!"

The line was under water, and young Ottley sent the gunner-guard on to find the switches — and let Number Forty into the siding. Then he followed and drew up with a doleful *wop! wop! wop!* by the side of the great forty-five-ton six-wheel coupled, eighteen-inch inside cylinder Number Twenty-Five, all chocolate and lemon and lacquer, standing at the head of the down mail.

Olaf's red beard flared from the cab like a danger-signal, and, as soon as they were within range, some knobby pieces of Giridih coal whizzed past young Ottley's head.

"Your friend mad?" said the lieutenant, ducking.

"Aah! You fat Parsee pig!" roared Olaf. "This is the

fifth time you make delay. Three hours' delay you make me — Swanson — *the* Mail! Now I will lose more time to break your head." He swung on to the footplate of Number Forty.

"Olaf!" cried young Ottley, and Olaf nearly tumbled backward. "Rustomjee is behind."

"Of course. He is always. But you? How you come here?"

"Oah, we smashed up. I have disconnected her, and arrived on one cylinder, by the book. We are only a diagram of an engine, I think."

"My Book! My very good Book! The 'Wademecome Ottley, you are a fine driver. I forgive my delays. It was worth. Oh, my Book! My Book!" and Olaf leaped back to Number Twenty-Five, shouting things about Mr. Swedenborg and steam.

"That is all right," said young Ottley; "but where is Serai Rajgara? We want assistance."

"There is no Serai Rajgara. The water is five feet down the embankment, and the telegraph office has fell in. I will report at Purnool Road. Good night. Good boy."

The mail train splashed out into the dark, and Ottley made great haste to let off all the steam and draw the fire. Number Forty had done enough for that night.

"Odd chap, that friend of yours," said the lieutenant, when Number Forty stood empty and disarmed in the gathering waters. "What do we do now? Swim?"

"Oah, no. At ten forty-five this morning that is coming, an engine will perhaps arrive from Purnool Road and take us north. Now we will go and lie down and sleep. You see there is no Serai Rajgara. You could get a cup of tea here once on a time."

"Oh, my aunt, what a country!" said the lieutenant as he

followed Ottley to the carriage and lay down on the leather bunk.

For the next three weeks Olaf Swanson talked of nothing but his "Wademecome" and young Ottley. What he said about his book does not matter, but the compliments of a mail-driver are things to be repeated, as they were, to people in high authority, the masters of many engines. So young Ottley was sent for, and he came from the Sheds to the Superintender's office, wondering which of his sins had been found out this time.

It was a loop-line near Ajaibpore, where he could by no possibility come to harm. It was light but steady traffic, and a first-class superintendent was in charge, but it was a driver's billet, to be made permanent after six months. As a new engine was ordered for the loop, the foreman of the Sheds told young Ottley he might look through the stalls and suit himself with a machine.

He waited till Olaf came in, one week's end, and the two went off to the Sheds together, old Olaf clucking, "Look! Look! Look!" like a hen, and they chose a nearly new Hawthorne, No. 239, that Olaf recommended. Then Olaf went away, to give young Ottley his chance to order her to the cleaning-pit, and jerk his thumb driver-fashion at the cleaner and say, as he turned magnificently on his heel, "Thursday, eight o'clock. Understand?"

That was almost the proudest moment of his life. The proudest was when he pulled out of Atami Junction through the brickfields on his way to his loop, and passed the down mail, with Olaf in the cab.

They say in the Repair Sheds that you could have heard Number Two Hundred and Thirty-Nine's whistle from Raneegunge clear to Calcutta.

AN UNQUALIFIED PILOT

ALMOST any pilot will tell you that his work is much more difficult than you imagine; but the pilots of the Hugli know that they have one hundred miles of the most dangerous river on earth running through their hands — the Hugli between Calcutta and the Bay of Bengal — and say nothing. Their service is picked and sifted as carefully as the bench of the Supreme Court, for a judge can only hang the wrong man, but a careless pilot can lose a six thousand ton ship with crew and cargo in less time than it takes to reverse engines.

There is very little chance of getting off again when once you touch in the furious current of the Hugli, loaded with all the fat silt of the fields of Bengal, where soundings change two feet between tides, and new channels make or efface themselves in a season. Men have fought the Hugli for two hundred years, till now the river owns a huge building, with drawing, survey, and telegraph departments, devoted to its exclusive service, as well as a body of wardens, who are called Port Commissioners.

They and their officers govern absolutely, from the Hugli bridge to the last buoy at Pilots Ridge, one hundred and forty miles away, far out in the Bay of Bengal, where the steamers first pick up the pilots from the pilot brig that always awaits them there.

A Hugli pilot does not bring newspapers aboard a ship, or scramble out of a dinghy, up rope ladders. He arrives in his best clothes, with a native servant or assistant to wait on him, and he behaves as a man should who can earn ten thousand dollars a year after twenty years' apprenticeship. He has beautiful rooms in the Port Office at Calcutta, and generally keeps himself to the society of his own profession, for though the telegraph reports the more important soundings of the river daily, there is much to be learned between trip and trip, which only his fellow pilots can tell him.

Some millions of tons of shipping must find their way to and from Calcutta each twelvemonth, and unless the Hugli were watched as closely as men watch the Atlantic cables, there is a fear that it might silt up as it has silted up round the old Dutch and Portuguese ports twenty and thirty miles behind Calcutta. So the Port Office sounds and scours and dredges, and builds spurs and devices for coaxing currents, and labels all the buoys with their proper letters, and attends to the semaphores and the lights and the drum, ball and cone storm signals, and the pilots of the Hugli do the rest; but, in spite of all the care, the Hugli swallows a ship or two every year.

When Martin Trevor had followed this life from his boyhood; when he had risen to be a senior pilot, entitled to bring up to Calcutta the big ships, drawing over twenty-four feet, that can (or could till a few years ago) only pass by special arrangement; when he had talked nothing but Hugli and pilotage all his life, he was exceedingly indignant that his only son should decide upon following his father's profession. Mrs. Trevor had died when the boy was a child, and as he grew older, Trevor, in the intervals of his business, noticed that the lad was often by the riverside — no nice place for a boy. Once, when he asked Jim if he took any

interest in ships, the boy replied by reeling off the list of all the house-flags on the steamers then in sight at the moorings.

"You'll come to a bad end, Jim," said Trevor. "Little boys haven't any business to know house-flags."

"Oh, Pedro at the Sailors' Home taught me. He says you can't begin too early."

"At what, please?"

"Piloting. I'm nearly fourteen now, and — and I know where all the shipping in the river is, and I know what water there was yesterday over the Mayapur Bar, and I've been down to Diamond Harbor, oh, a hundred times, and I've ——"

"You'll go to school, son, and learn what they teach you, and you'll turn out something better than a pilot," said his father, but he might just as well have told a shovel-nosed porpoise of the river to come ashore and begin life as a hen. Jim held his tongue; he noticed that all the best pilots of the Port Office did that; and devoted his young attention and all his spare time and money to the river that he loved.

Trevor's son became as well known as the Bankshall itself, and the Port Police let him inspect their launches, and the tugboat captains had always a place for him at their table, and the mates of the big steam dredgers used to show him how the machinery worked, and there were certain native rowboats that Jim practically owned; and he extended his young patronage to the railway that runs to Diamond Harbor, forty miles down the river. In the old days nearly all the East India Company's ships used to discharge at Diamond Harbor, on account of the shoals above, but now the ships go straight up to Calcutta, and they have only some moorings for vessels in distress there, and a telegraph service, and a harbor-master, who was Jim's intimate friend.

He would sit in the office and listen to the soundings of the shoals as they were reported every day, and attend to the

movements of the steamers up and down (Jim always felt that he had lost something if any boat got in or out of the river without his knowing it) and when the big liners with their rows of shining portholes, tied up in Diamond Harbor for the night, Jim would row from one ship to the other through the sticky hot air and the buzzing mosquitoes and listen respectfully as the great pilots conferred together.

Once, for a treat, his father took him down clear out to the Sandheads and the pilot brig there, and Jim was joyfully seasick as she tossed and pitched in the bay. So of course he had to go down to the brig three or four times more with friendly pilots till he had quite cured his weakness. The cream of life, though, was coming up in a tug or a police boat from Diamond Harbor to Calcutta, over the "James and Mary" shoal — those terrible sands christened after a royal ship they sunk two hundred years ago. They are made by two rivers that enter the Hugli six miles apart and throw their own silt across the silt of the main stream, so that with each turn of weather and tide the sands shift and change like clouds. It was here (the tales sound much worse when they are told in the rush and growl of the muddy waters) that the *Countess of Stirling*, fifteen hundred tons, touched and capsized in ten minutes, and a two-thousand ton steamer in two, and a pilgrim ship in five, and another steamer literally in an instant, holding down her men with the masts and shrouds as she lashed over. When a ship touches on the "James and Mary," the river knocks her down and buries her, and then the sands quiver all around her and reach out under water and take new shapes — all dangerous.

Young Jim would lie up in the bows of the tug and watch the straining buoys kick and smother in the coffee-colored current, while the semaphores and flags signaled from the bank how much water there was in the channel, till he learned

the great law that men who only deal with men can afford to be careless on the chance of their fellow men being like them; but that men who deal with things dare not relax for an instant. "And that's the very reason," old McEwen the pilot said to him once, "that the 'James and Mary' is the safest part of the river," and he put the big black *Bandoorah*, that draws twenty-five feet, through the Eastern Gut with a turban of white foam wrapped round her forefoot and her screw beating as steadily as his own heart.

If Jim could not get away to the river there was always the big, cool Port Office, where the soundings were calculated and the maps were drawn; or the Pilot's room, where he could lie on a long chair and listen to the talk about the Hugli; and there was the library, where if you had money you could buy charts and books of directions against the time that you should actually steam over the places themselves. It was exceedingly hard for Jim to hold the list of Jewish kings in his head, and he was more than uncertain as to the end of the verb *audio* if you followed it far enough down the page, but he could keep the soundings of three channels distinct in his head and, what is more confusing, the changes in the buoys from "Garden Reach" down to Saugor, as well as the greater part of the shipping news in the Calcutta *Telegraph*, the only paper he ever read.

Unluckily, you cannot peruse about the Hugli without money, even though you are the son of the best known pilot on the river, and as soon as Trevor understood how his son was spending his time he cut down his pocket money — and Jim had a generous allowance. In his extremity Jim took counsel with Pedro, the plum-colored mulatto at the Sailors' Home, and Pedro was a bad man. He introduced Jim to a Chinaman in Muchuatollah, one of the worst wards in the city of Calcutta, and the Chinaman, who answered to the

name of Erh-Tze when he was not smoking opium, and who happened to be master of a big junk, talked pigeon-English to Jim for an hour on professional business, in flat defiance of all Port regulations.

"S'pose you take? Can do?" he said at last.

Jim considered the chances. A junk he knew would draw about eleven feet, and the regular fee for the qualified pilot outward would be two hundred rupees. On the one hand Jim was by no means a qualified pilot, so he could not ask more than half. *But*, on the other hand, he was fully certain of a thrashing from his father for piloting without license. So he asked one hundred and seventy-five rupees to allow for the beating, and Erh-Tze beat him down to a hundred and twenty; and that was like a Chinaman all over. The cargo of the junk was worth from fifty to a hundred thousand rupees, and Erh-Tze was getting enormous freight on the coffins of thirty or forty dead Chinamen whom he was taking to be buried in their native country.

Rich Chinamen will pay fancy prices for this service, and they have a superstition that the iron of steamships is bad for the health of their dead. Erh-Tze's junk crept up from Singapore via Panang and Rangoon, to Calcutta, where Erh-Tze had been shocked and pained by the pilotage dues. This time he was going out at a reduction with Jim, who, Pedro had told him, was just as good as a pilot. The risks that a Chinaman will run to save five rupees are not small, to save seventy-five rupees he will — but you shall hear.

Jim knew something of the outside of junks, but he was not prepared when he went down that night with his charts, for the confusion of cargo and coolies and coffins and clay-cooking places, and other things that littered her decks. Jim had sense enough to haul her rudder up a few feet; for he knew that a junk's rudder goes far below the bottom,

and he allowed a foot extra to Erh-Tze's estimate of her drafts of water. Then they staggered out into midstream very early, and never had the city of his birth looked so beautiful to Jim as when he feared he might never come back to see it again.

Going down "Garden Reach" he discovered that the junk would answer to her helm if you put it over enough, and that she had a fair, though a strictly Chinese, notion of sailing. He took charge of the tiller by stationing three Chinese on each side of it, and, standing a little forward, gathered their pigtails into his hands, three right and three left, as though they had been the yoke-lines of a rowboat. Erh-Tze almost smiled at this; he felt he was getting good care for his money, and he took a neat little polished bamboo to keep the men attentive, for he said to Jim this was no time to teach the crew pigeon-English. The more way they could get on the junk the better would she steer, and as soon as he felt a little confidence in her, Jim ordered the big rustling mat sails to be hauled up tighter and tighter. He did not know their names — at least any name that would be likely to interest a Chinaman — but Erh-Tze had not banged about the waters of the Malay Archipelago for nothing, and as he went forward with his little bamboo, the sails rose like Eastern incantations.

Early as they were on the river a big American oil-ship was ahead of them in tow, and when Jim saw her through the smoking morning mist he was thankful. She would draw all of seventeen feet and if he could steer by her they would be safe. It is one thing to scurry up and down the "James and Mary" in a police-tug without responsibility, and quite another thing to cram a hard-mouthed old junk across the same sands alone, with the certainty of a thrashing if you come out alive at the other end.

Jim glued his eyes to the American, and saw that at Fultah she dropped her tug and stood down the river under sail. He all but whooped aloud, for he knew that the number of pilots who preferred to work a ship through the "James and Mary" without tug was strictly limited. "If it isn't father, it's Dearsley," said Jim; "but Dearsley went down yesterday with the *Bandoorah*. If I'd gone home last evening instead of going to Pedro, I'd have met father. He must have got his ship quick, but — father is a very quick man." Then Jim reflected that they kept a piece of knotted rope on the pilot brig that stung like a wasp; but this thought he dismissed as beneath the dignity of an officiating pilot who need only nod his head to set Erh-Tze's bamboo to work.

As the American came round, just before the "Fultah Sands" Jim raked her with his spy-glass, and saw his father on the poop with an unlighted cigar between his teeth. That cigar, Jim knew, would be smoked on the other side of the "James and Mary" and Jim felt entirely safe and happy. This kind of piloting was child's play! His father could not make a mistake if he tried; and Jim, with his six faithful pigtails in his two hands, had leisure to admire the perfect style in which the American was handled — how she would point her bowsprit jeeringly at a hidden bank, as much as to say, "Not to-day, thank you, dear," and bow down lovingly over a buoy as much as to say, "*You*'re a gentleman, at any rate," and come round sharp on her heel with a flutter and a rustle, and a slow, steady swing something like a woman staring round a crowded theatre through opera-glasses.

It was hard work to keep the junk near her, though Erh-Tze set everything that was by any means settable, and used the bamboo very generously. When they were almost under her counter, and a little to the left, Jim would feel warm and happy all over, thinking of the nautical and piloting

things he knew. When they fell more than half a mile behind, he was cold and miserable, thinking of all the things he did *not* know or, more still, was not quite sure of. And so they went down the river, Jim steering by his father turn for turn, over the Mayapur Bar, with the semaphores on each bank, signaling the depth of water, through the Western Gut, and round the Makoaputti Lumps, and in and out of twenty places, each more exciting than the last, and Jim nearly pulled the six pigtails out for pure joy when the last of the "James and Mary" had gone astern, and they were walking through Diamond Harbor.

From there to the mouth of the Hugli things are not so bad — at least, that was what Jim thought — and held on till the swell from the Bay of Bengal made the old junk heave and snort, and the river broadened into the inland sea, with islands only a foot or two high scattered about it. The American walked away from the junk as soon as they were beyond Kedgeree, and the night came on and the water looked very big and desolate, so Jim promptly anchored somewhere in the gray water, with the Saugor Light far away off toward the east. He had a great respect for the Hugli, and no desire whatever to find himself on the Gasper Sand or any other nice little shoal in the dark. Erh-Tze and the crew highly approved of this piece of seamanship. They set no watch, lit no lights, and at once went to sleep.

Jim lay down between a red and black lacquer coffin and a little live pig in a basket. As soon as it was light he began studying his chart of the Hugli mouth, trying to find out where in the river he might be. He decided to be on the safe side, and wait for another sailing ship and follow her out. So he made an enormous breakfast of rice and boiled fish, while Erh-Tze lit firecrackers and burned gilt-paper before his Joss with ostentation. Then they heaved up their

rough and tumble anchor and made after a big, fat, iron four-masted sailing ship heavy as a hay wain. The junk, which was really a very weatherly boat, and might have begun life as a private pirate in Annam thirty years ago, followed under easy sail — for the four-master would run no risks. She was in old McEwen's hands, and she waddled about like a broody hen, giving each shoal wide allowances. All this happened near the outer Floating Light, some hundred and twenty miles from Calcutta and apparently in the open sea.

Jim knew old McEwen's appetite, and had often heard him pride himself on getting his ship to the pilot brig between meal hours, so he argued that if the pilot brig was get-at-able (and Jim himself had not the ghost of a notion where she might be) McEwen would find her before one o'clock.

It was a blazing hot day, and McEwen fidgeted the four-master down to "Pilots Ridge" with what little wind remained, and sure enough there lay the Pilot Brig and Jim felt cold up his back as Erh-Tze paid him his hundred and twenty rupees and he went overside in the junk's crazy dinghy. McEwen was leaving the four-master in a long, slashing whale-boat, that looked very spruce and pretty and Jim could see that there was a certain amount of excitement among the pilots on the brig. He noticed that his father was there. The ragged Chinese gave way in a ragged fashion, and Jim felt very unwashen and disreputable when he heard the click and swash of McEwen's oars alongside, and McEwen saying, "James Trevor, for the sake of the service, I'll trouble you to come along with *me*."

Jim obeyed — there was no where else to go. He got into the European boat and from the corner of one eye watched McEwen's angry whiskers stand up all round his face like the frill of a royal Bengal tiger, while his face turned purple and his voice shook.

"An' is this how you break the regulations o' the port o' Calcutta? Are ye aware o' the penalties ye've laid yourself open to?" he roared.

Jim said nothing. There was not very much to say, and McEwen roared aloud: "Man, ye've personated a Hugli pilot, an' that's as much as to say ye've personated ME! What did yon yellow heathen give you for an honorarium?"

"Hundred and twenty," said Jim.

"An' by what manner o' means did ye get through the 'James and Mary'?"

"Father," was the answer. "He went down the same tide — and I — we steered by him."

McEwen whistled and choked; perhaps it was with anger. "Made a stalkin' horse o' your father. Jim, boy, he'll make an example o' you."

The boat hooked on the Pilot Brig's chains, and McEwen said, as he rolled on deck, "Yon's an enterprising cub o' yours, Trevor. Ye'd better put him to the regular business, or one o' these fine days he'll be acting as pilot before he's qualified, and sinkin' junks in the fairway. If ye've no other designs I'd take him in as my cub, for there's no denying he's a resourceful lad for all that he's an unlicked whelp."

"That," said Trevor, reaching for Jim's left ear, as Jim set foot on the deck, "is something we can remedy," and he led him below.

The little knotted piece of rope that they keep for general purposes on the Pilot Brig found out every place on him, but when it was all over Jim was an unlicked cub no longer. He was McEwen's property, and a week later, when the *Ellora* came along, going up to Calcutta he bundled overside with McEwen's enameled leather hand-bag and a roll of charts, and a little bag of his own.

A CENTURION OF THE THIRTIETH

DAN had come to grief over his Latin, and was kept in; so Una went alone to Far Wood. Dan's big catapult and the lead bullets that Hobden had made for him were hidden in an old hollow beech-stub on the west of the wood. They had named the place out of the verse in *Lays of Ancient Rome*.

> From lordly Volaterrae,
> Where scowls the far-famed hold,
> Piled by the hands of giants
> For Godlike Kings of old.

They were the "Godlike Kings," and when old Hobden piled some comfortable brushwood between the big wooden knees of Volaterrae, they called him "Hands of Giants."

Una slipped through their private gap in the fence, and sat still a while, scowling as scowlily and lordlily as she knew how; for "Volaterrae" is an important watch-tower that juts out of Far Wood just as Far Wood juts out of the hillside. Pook's Hill lay below her, and all the turns of the brook as it wanders from out of the Willingford Woods, between hop-gardens, to old Hobden's cottage at the Forge. The Sou'-West wind (there is always a wind by "Volaterrae") blew from the bare ridge where Cherry Clack Windmill stands.

Now wind prowling through woods sounds like exciting things going to happen, and that is why on "blowy days"

you stand up in Volaterrae and shout bits of the *Lays* to suit its noises.

Una took Dan's catapult from its secret place, and made ready to meet Lars Porsena's army stealing through the wind-whitened aspens by the brook. A gust boomed up the valley, and Una chanted sorrowfully:

"Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum
And the stout guards are slain."

But the wind, not charging fair to the wood, started aside and shook a single oak in Gleason's pasture. Here it made itself all small and crouched among the grasses, waving the tips of them as a cat waves the tip of her tail before she springs.

"Now welcome — welcome Sextus," sang Una, loading the catapult —

"Now welcome to thy home,
Why dost thou turn and run away?
Here lies the rod of Rome."

She fired into the face of the lull, to wake up the cowardly wind, and heard a grunt from behind a thorn in the pasture.

"Oh, my Winkie!" she said aloud, and that was something she had picked up from Dan. "I believe I've tickled up a Gleason cow."

"You little painted beast!" a voice cried. "I'll teach you to sling your masters!"

She looked down most cautiously, and saw a young man covered with hoopy bronze armor all glowing among the late broom. But what Una admired beyond all was his great bronze helmet with its red horse-tail that flicked in the

wind. She could hear the long hairs rasp on his shimmery shoulder-plates.

"What does the Faun mean," he said, half aloud to himself, "by telling me the Painted People have changed?" He caught sight of Una's yellow head. "Have you seen a painted lead-slinger?" he called.

"No-o," said Una. "But if you've seen a bullet ——"

"Seen?" cried the man. "It passed within a hair's breadth of my ear."

"Well, that was me. I'm most awfully sorry."

"Didn't the Faun tell you I was coming?" He smiled.

"Not if you mean Puck. I thought you were a Gleason cow. I — I didn't know you were a — a —— What are you?"

He laughed outright, showing a set of splendid teeth. His face and eyes were dark, and his eyebrows met above his big nose in one bushy black bar.

"They call me Parnesius. I have been an officer of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth Legion — the Ulpia Victrix. Did you sling that bullet?"

"I did. I was using Dan's catapult," said Una.

"Catapults!" said he. "I ought to know something about them. Show me!"

He leaped the rough fence with a rattle of spear, shield, and armor, and hoisted himself into "Volaterrae" as quickly as a shadow.

"A sling on a forked stick. *I* understand!" he cried, and pulled at the elastic. "But what wonderful beast yields this stretching leather?"

"It's laccy — elastic. You put the bullet into that loop, and then you pull hard."

The man pulled, and hit himself square on his thumb-nail.

"Each to his own weapon," he said, gravely, handing it

back. "I am better with the bigger machine, little maiden. But it's a pretty toy. A wolf would laugh at it. Aren't you afraid of wolves?"

"There aren't any," said Una.

"Never believe it! A wolf is like a Winged Hat. He comes when he isn't expected. Don't they hunt wolves here?"

"We don't hunt," said Una, remembering what she had heard from grown-ups. "We preserve — pheasants. Do you know them?"

"I ought to," said the young man, smiling again, and he imitated the cry of the cock-pheasant so perfectly that a bird answered out of the wood.

"What a big painted clucking fool is a pheasant," he said. "Just like some Romans!"

"But you're a Roman yourself, aren't you?" said Una.

"Ye-es and no. I'm one of a good few thousands who have never seen Rome except in a picture. My people have lived at Vectis for generations. Vectis! That island West yonder that you can see from so far in clear weather."

"Do you mean the Isle of Wight? It lifts up just before rain, and we see it from the Downs."

"Very likely. Our Villa's on the South edge of the Island, by the Broken Cliffs. Most of it is three hundred years old, but the cow-stables, where our first ancestor lived, must be a hundred years older. Oh, quite that, because the founder of our family had his land given him by Agricola at the Settlement. It's not a bad little place for its size. In springtime violets grow down to the very beach. I've gathered seaweeds for myself and violets for my mother many a time with our old nurse."

"Was your nurse a — a Romaness too?"

"No, a Numidian. Gods be good to her! A dear, fat,

brown thing with a tongue like a cowbell. She was a free woman. By the way, are you free, Maiden?"

"Oh, quite," said Una. "At least, till tea time; and in summer our governess doesn't say much if we're late."

The young man laughed again — a proper understanding laugh.

"I see," said he. "That accounts for your being in the wood. *We* hid among the cliffs."

"Did *you* have a governess, then?"

"Did we not? A Greek, too. She had a way of clutching her dress when she hunted us among the gorze-bushes that made us laugh. Then she'd say she'd get us whipped. She never did, though, bless her! Aglaia was a thorough sports-woman, for all her learning."

"But what lessons did you do — when — when you were little!"

"Ancient history, the Classics, arithmetic, and so on," he answered. "My sister and I were thickheads, but my two brothers (I'm the middle one) liked those things, and, of course, Mother was clever enough for any six. She was nearly as tall as I am, and she looked like the new statue on the Western Road — the Demeter of the Baskets, you know. And funny! Roma Dea! How Mother could make us laugh!"

"What at?"

"Little jokes and sayings that every family has. Don't you know?"

"I know *we* have, but I didn't know other people had them too," said Una. "Tell me about all your family, please."

"Good families are very much alike. Mother would sit spinning of evenings while Aglaia read in her corner, and Father did accounts, and we four romped about the passages. When our noise grew too loud the Pater would say, 'Less

tumult! Less tumult! Have you never heard of a Father's right over his children? He can slay them, my loves — slay them dead, and the Gods highly approve of the action!' Then Mother would prim up her dear mouth over the wheel and answer: 'H'm! I'm afraid there can't be much of the Roman Father about you!' Then the Pater would roll up his accounts, and say, 'I'll show you!' and then — then, he'd be worse than any of us!"

"Fathers can — if they like," said Una, her eyes dancing.

"Didn't I say all good families are very much the same?"

"What did you do in summer?" said Una. "Play about, like us?"

"Yes, and we visited our friends. There are no wolves in Vectis. We had many friends, and as many ponies as we wished."

"It must have been lovely," said Una. "I hope it lasted forever."

"Not quite, little maid. When I was about sixteen or seventeen, the Father felt gouty, and we all went to the Waters."

"What waters?"

"At Aquae Sulis. Every one goes there. You ought to get your Father to take you some day."

"But where? I don't know," said Una.

The young man looked astonished for a moment. "Aquae Sulis," he repeated. "The best baths in Britain. Just as good, I'm told, as Rome. All the old gluttons sit in its hot water, and talk scandal and politics. And the Generals come through the streets with their guards behind them; and the magistrates come in their chairs with their stiff guards behind them; and you meet fortune-tellers, and goldsmiths, and merchants, and philosophers, and feather-sellers, and ultra-Roman Britons, and ultra-British Romans, and

tame tribesmen pretending to be civilized, and Jew lecturers, and — oh, everybody interesting. We young people, of course, took no interest in politics. We had not the gout: there were many of our age like us. We did not find life sad.

"But while we were enjoying ourselves without thinking, my sister met the son of a magistrate in the West — and a year afterward she was married to him. My young brother, who was always interested in plants and roots, met the First Doctor of a Legion from the City of the Legions, and he decided that he would be an Army doctor. I do not think it is a profession for a well-born man, but then — I'm not my brother. He went to Rome to study medicine, and now he's First Doctor of a Legion in Egypt — at Antinoe, I think, but I have not heard from him for some time.

"My eldest brother came across a Greek philosopher, and told my Father that he intended to settle down on the estate as a farmer and a philosopher. You see. You see" — the young man's eyes twinkled — "his philosopher was a long-haired one!"

"I thought philosophers were bald," said Una.

"Not all. She was very pretty. I don't blame him. Nothing could have suited me better than my eldest brother's doing this, for I was only too keen to join the Army. I had always feared I should have to stay at home and look after the estate while my brother took *this*."

He rapped on his great glistening shield that never seemed to be in his way.

"So we were well contented — we young people — and we rode back to Clausentum along the Wood Road very quietly. But when we reached home, Aglaia, our governess, saw what had come to us. I remember her at the door, the torch over her head, watching us climb the cliff-path from the boat. 'Aie! Aie!' she said. 'Children you went away.

Men and a woman you return!' Then she kissed Mother, and Mother wept. Thus our visit to the Waters settled our fates for each of us, Maiden."

He rose to his feet and listened, leaning on the shield-rim.

"I think that's Dan — my brother," said Una.

"Yes; and the Faun is with him," he replied, as Dan with Puck stumbled through the copse.

"We should have come sooner," Puck called, "but the beauties of your native tongue, O Parnesius, have enthralled this young citizen."

Parnesius looked bewildered, even when Una explained.

"Dan said the plural of 'dominus' was 'dominoes,' and when Miss Blake said it wasn't he said he supposed it was 'backgammon,' and so he had to write it out twice — for cheek, you know."

Dan had climbed into Volaterrae, hot and panting.

"I've run nearly all the way," he gasped, "and then Puck met me. How do you do, Sir?"

"I am in good health," Parnesius answered. "See! I have tried to bend the bow of Ulysses, but ——" He held up his thumb.

"I'm sorry. You must have pulled off too soon," said Dan. "Puck said you were telling Una a story."

"Continue, O Parnesius," said Puck, who had perched himself on a dead branch above them. "I will be chorus. Has he puzzled you much, Una?"

"Not a bit, except — I didn't know where Ak — Ak something was," she answered.

"Oh, Aquae Sulis. That's Bath, where the buns come from. Let the hero tell his own tale."

Parnesius pretended to thrust his spear at Puck's legs, but Puck reached down, caught at the horse-tail plume, and pulled off the tall helmet.

"Thanks, jester," said Parnesius, shaking his curly dark head. "That is cooler. Now hang it up for me.

"I was telling your sister how I joined the Army," he said to Dan.

"Did you have to pass an Exam?" Dan asked eagerly.

"No, I went to my Father, and said I should like to enter the Dacian Horse (I had seen some at Aquae Sulis); but he said I had better begin service in a regular Legion from Rome. Now, like many of our youngsters, I was not too fond of anything Roman. The Roman-born officers and magistrates looked down on us British-born as though we were barbarians. I told my Father so.

"'I know they do,' he said; 'but remember, after all, we are the people of the Old Stock, and our duty is to the Empire.'

"'To which Empire?' I asked. 'We split the Eagle before I was born.'

"'What thieves' talk is that?' said my Father. He hated slang.

"'Well, Sir,' I said, 'we've one Emperor in Rome, and I don't know how many Emperors the outlying Provinces have set up from time to time. Which am I to follow?'

"'Gratian,' said he. 'At least he's a sportsman.'

"'He's all that,' I said. 'Hasn't he turned himself into a raw-beef-eating Scythian?'

"'Where did you hear of it?' said the Pater.

"'At Aquae Sulis,' I said. It was perfectly true. This precious Emperor Gratian of ours had a bodyguard of fur-cloaked Scythians, and he was so crazy about them that he dressed like them. In Rome of all places in the world! It was as bad as if my own Father had painted himself blue!

"'No matter for the clothes,' said the Pater. 'They are only the fringe of the trouble. It began before your time or

mine. Rome has forsaken her Gods, and must be punished. The great war with the Painted People broke out in the very year the temples of our Gods were destroyed. We beat the Painted People in the very year our temples were rebuilt. Go back further still.' . . . He went back to the time of Diocletian; and to listen to him you would have thought Eternal Rome herself was on the edge of destruction, just because a few people had become a little large-minded.

"*I* knew nothing about it. Aglaia never taught us the history of our own country. She was so full of her ancient Greeks.

"'There is no hope for Rome,' said the Pater, at last. 'She has forsaken her Gods, but if the Gods forgive *us* here, we may save Britain. To do that, we must keep the Painted People back. Therefore, I tell you, Parnesius, as a Father, that if your heart is set on service, your place is among men on the Wall — and not with women among the cities.'"

"What Wall?" asked Dan and Una at once.

"Father meant the one we call Hadrian's Wall. I'll tell you about it later. It was built long ago, across North Britain, to keep out the Painted People — Picts you call them. Father had fought in the great Pict War that lasted more than twenty years, and he knew what fighting meant. Theodosius, one of our great Generals, had chased the little beasts back far into the North before I was born: down at Vectis, of course, we never troubled our heads about them. But when my Father spoke as he did, I kissed his hand, and waited for orders. We British-born Romans know what is due to our parents."

"If I kissed my Father's hand, he'd laugh," said Dan.

"Customs change; but if you do not obey your father, the Gods remember it. You may be quite sure of *that.*

"After our talk, seeing I was in earnest, the Pater sent

me over to Clausentum to learn my foot-drill in a barrack full of foreign Auxiliaries — as unwashed and unshaved a mob of mixed barbarians as ever scrubbed a breastplate. It was your stick in their stomachs and your shield in their faces to push them into any sort of formation. When I had learned my work the Instructor gave me a handful — and they were a handful! — of Gauls and Iberians to polish up till they were sent to their stations up-country. I did my best, and one night a villa in the suburbs caught fire, and I had my handful out and at work before any of the other troops. I noticed a quiet-looking man on the lawn, leaning on a stick. He watched us passing buckets from the pond, and at last he said to me: 'Who are you?'

"'A probationer, waiting for a cohort,' I answered. *I* didn't know who he was from Deucalion!

"'Born in Britain?' he asked.

"'Yes, if you were born in Spain,' I said, for he neighed his words like an Iberian mule.

"'And what might you call yourself when you are at home?' he said laughing.

"'That depends,' I answered; 'sometimes one thing and sometimes another. But now I'm busy.'

"He said no more till we had saved the family Gods (they were respectable householders), and then he grunted across the laurels: 'Listen, young sometimes-one-thing-and-sometimes-another. In future call yourself Centurion of the Seventh Cohort of the Thirtieth, the Ulpia Victrix. That will help me to remember you. Your Father and a few other people call me Maximus.'

"He tossed me the polished stick he was leaning on, and went away. You might have knocked me down with it!"

"Who was he?" said Dan.

"Maximus himself, our great General! *The* General of

Britain who had been Theodosius's right hand in the Pict War! Not only had he given me my Centurion's stick direct, but three steps in a good Legion as well! A new man generally begins in the Tenth Cohort of his Legion, and works up."

"And were you pleased?" said Una.

"Very. I thought Maximus had chosen me for my good looks and fine style in marching, but, when I went home, the Pater told me he had served under Maximus in the great Pict War, and had asked him to promote me."

"A child you were!" said Puck, from above.

"I was," said Parnesius. "Don't begrudge it me, Faun. Afterward — the Gods know I put aside the games!" And Puck nodded, brown chin on brown hand, his big eyes still.

"The night before I left we sacrificed to our ancestors — the usual little Home Sacrifice — but I never prayed so earnestly to all the Good Shades, and then I went with my Father by boat to Regnum, and across the chalk eastward to Anderida yonder."

"Regnum? Anderida?" The children turned their faces to Puck.

"Regnum's Chichester," he said, pointing toward Cherry Clack, and — he threw his arm South behind him — "Anderida's Pevensey."

"Pevensey again!" said Dan. "Where Weland landed?"

"Weland and a few others," said Puck. "Pevensey isn't young — even compared to me!"

"The headquarters of the Thirtieth lay at Anderida in summer, but my own Cohort, the Seventh, was on the Wall up North. Maximus was inspecting Auxiliaries — the Abulci, I think — at Anderida, and we stayed with him, for he and my Father were very old friends. I was only there ten days when I was ordered to go up with thirty men to my Cohort."

He laughed merrily. "A man never forgets his first march. I was happier than any Emperor when I led my handful through the North Gate of the Camp, and we saluted the Guard and the Altar of Victory there."

"How? How?" said Dan and Una.

Parnesius smiled, and stood up, flashing in his armor.

"So!" said he; and he moved slowly through the beautiful movements of the Roman Salute, that ends with a hollow clang of the shield coming into its place between the shoulders.

"Hai!" said Puck. "That sets one thinking!"

"We went out fully armed," said Parnesius, sitting down; "but as soon as the road entered the Great Forest, my men expected the packhorses to hang their shields on. 'No!' I said; 'you can dress like women in Anderida, but while you're with me you will carry your own weapons and armor.'

"'But it's hot,' said one of them, 'and we haven't a doctor. Suppose we get sunstroke, or a fever?'

"'Then die,' I said, 'and a good riddance to Rome! Up shield — up spears, and tighten your foot-wear!"

"'Don't think yourself Emperor of Britain already,' a fellow shouted. I knocked him over with the butt of my spear, and explained to these Roman-born Romans that, if there were any further trouble, we should go on with one man short. And, by the Light of the Sun, I meant it too! My raw Gauls at Clausentum had never treated me so.

"Then, quietly as a cloud, Maximus rode out of the fern (my Father behind him), and reined up across the road. He wore the Purple, as though he were already Emperor; his leggings were of white buckskin laced with gold.

"My men dropped like — like partridges.

"He said nothing for some time, only looked with his eyes puckered. Then he crooked his forefinger, and my men walked — crawled, I mean — to one side.

"'Stand in the sun, children,' he said, and they formed up on the hard road.

"'What would you have done,' he said to me, 'if I had not been here?'

"'I should have killed that man,' I answered.

"'Kill him now,' he said. 'He will not move a limb.'

"'No,' I said. 'You've taken my men out of my command. I should only be your butcher if I killed him now.' Do you see what I meant?" Parnesius turned to Dan.

"Yes," said Dan. "It wouldn't have been fair, somehow."

"That was what I thought," said Parnesius. But Maximus frowned. 'You'll never be an Emperor,' he said. 'Not even a General will you be.'

"I was silent, but my Father seemed pleased.

"'I came here to see the last of you,' he said.

"'You have seen it,' said Maximus. 'I shall never need your son any more. He will live and he will die an officer of a Legion — and he might have been Prefect of one of my Provinces. Now eat and drink with us,' he said. 'Your men will wait till you have finished.'

"My miserable thirty stood like wine-skins glistening in the hot sun, and Maximus led us to where his people had set a meal. Himself he mixed the wine.

"'A year from now,' he said, 'you will remember that you have sat with the Emperor of Britain — and Gaul.'

"'Yes,' said the Pater, 'you can drive two mules — Gaul and Britain.'

"'Five years hence you will remember that you have drunk' — he passed me the cup and there was blue borage in it — 'with the Emperor of Rome!'

"'No; you can't drive three mules; they will tear you in pieces,' said my Father.

"'And you on the Wall, among the heather, will weep

because your notion of justice was more to you than the favor of the Emperor of Rome.'

"I sat quite still. One does not answer a General who wears the Purple.

"'I am not angry with you,' he went on; 'I owe too much to your Father ——'

"'You owe me nothing but advice that you never took,' said the Pater.

"' —— to be unjust to any of your family. Indeed, I say you will make a good officer, but, so far as I am concerned, on the Wall you will live, and on the Wall you will die,' said Maximus.

"'Very like,' said my Father. 'But we shall have the Picts *and* their friends breaking through before long. You cannot move all troops out of Britain to make you Emperor, and expect the North to sit quiet.'

"'I follow my destiny,' said Maximus.

"'Follow it, then,' said my Father pulling up a fern root; 'and die as Theodosius died.'

"'Ah!' said Maximus. 'My old General was killed because he served the Empire too well. *I* may be killed, but not for that reason,' and he smiled a little pale gray smile that made my blood run cold.

"'Then I had better follow my destiny,' I said, 'and take my men to the Wall.'

"He looked at me a long time, and bowed his head slanting like a Spaniard. 'Follow it, boy,' he said. That was all. I was only too glad to get away, though I had many messages for home. I found my men standing as they had been put — they had not even shifted their feet in the dust — and off I marched, still feeling that terrific smile like an east wind up my back. I never halted them till sunset, and" — he turned about and looked at Pook's Hill below him — "then I

halted yonder." He pointed to the broken, bracken-covered shoulder of the Forge Hill behind old Hobden's cottage.

"There? Why, that's only the old Forge — where they made iron once," said Dan.

"Very good stuff it was too," said Parnesius, calmly. "We mended three shoulder-straps here and had a spear-head riveted. The forge was rented from the Government by a one-eyed smith from Carthage. I remember we called him Cyclops. He sold me a beaver-skin rug for my sister's room."

"But it couldn't have been here," Dan insisted.

"But it was! From the Altar of Victory at Anderida to the First Forge in the Forest here is twelve miles seven hundred paces. It is all in the Road Book. A man doesn't forget his first march. I think I could tell you every station between this and ——" He leaned forward, but his eye was caught by the setting sun.

It had come down to the top of Cherry Clack Hill, and the light poured in between the tree trunks so that you could see red and gold and black deep into the heart of Far Wood; and Parnesius in his armor shone as though he had been afire.

"Wait," he said, lifting a hand, and the sunlight jinked on his glass bracelet. "Wait! I pray to Mithras!"

He rose and stretched his arms westward, with deep, splendid-sounding words.

Then Puck began to sing too, in a voice like bells tolling, and as he sang he slipped from "Volaterrae" to the ground, and beckoned the children to follow. They obeyed; it seemed as though the voices were pushing them along; and through the goldy-brown light on the beech leaves they walked, while Puck between them chanted something like this: —

Cur mundus militat sub vana gloria
Cujus prosperitas est transitoria?
Tam cito labitur ejus potentia
Quam vasa figuli quæ sunt fragilia.[1]

They found themselves at the little locked gates of the wood.

Quo Cæsar abiit celsus imperio?
Vel Dives splendidus totus in prandio?
Dic ubi Tullius——

Still singing, he took Dan's hand and wheeled him round to face Una as she came out of the gate. It shut behind her, at the same time as Puck threw the memory-magicking Oak, Ash, and Thorn leaves over their heads.

"Well, you *are* jolly late," said Una. "Couldn't you get away before?"

"I did," said Dan. "I got away in lots of time, but — but I didn't know it was so late. Where've you been?"

"In Volaterrae — waiting for you."

"Sorry," said Dan. "It was all that beastly Latin."

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[1] "Why with vain pomp parades the world,
Whose glory lives for but a single day?
As quickly is its power down hurled,
As fragile products of the potter's clay."

[2] "With what command did noble Cæsar quit this life?
Or Dives, lavish, spendthrift in his simplest meal?
Say where our Tullius (Cicero)——"

ON THE GREAT WALL

When I left Rome for Lalage's sake
By the Legions' Road to Rimini,
She vowed her heart was mine to take
With me and my shield to Rimini—
(Till the Eagles flew from Rimini!)
And I've tramped Britain and I've tramped Gaul
And the Pontic shore where the snow-flakes fall
As white as the neck of Lalage—
As cold as the heart of Lalage!
And I've lost Britain and I've lost Gaul

(the voice seemed very cheerful about it),

And I've lost Rome, and worst of all,
I've lost Lalage!

THEY were standing by the gate to Far Wood when they heard this song. Without a word they hurried to their private gap and wriggled through the hedge almost atop of a jay that was feeding from Puck's hand.

"Gently!" said Puck. "What are you looking for?"

"Parnesius, of course," Dan answered. "We've only just remembered yesterday. It isn't fair."

Puck chuckled as he rose. "I'm sorry, but children who spend the afternoon with me and a Roman Centurion need a little settling dose of Magic before they go to tea with their governess. Ohé, Parnesius!" he called.

"Here, Faun!" came the answer from "Volaterrae." They could see the shimmer of bronze armor in the beech crotch, and the friendly flash of the great shield uplifted.

"I have driven out the Britons." Parnesius laughed like a boy. "I occupy their high forts. But Rome is merciful! You may come up." And up they three all scrambled.

"What was the song you were singing just now?" said Una, as soon as she had settled herself.

"That? Oh, *Rimini*. It's one of the tunes that are always being born somewhere in the Empire. They run like a pestilence for six months or a year, till another one pleases the Legions, and then they march to *that*."

"Tell them about the marching, Parnesius. Few people nowadays walk from end to end of this country," said Puck.

"The greater their loss. I know nothing better than the Long March when your feet are hardened. You begin after the mists have risen, and you end, perhaps, an hour after sundown."

"And what do you have to eat?" Dan asked, promptly.

"Fat bacon, beans, and bread, and whatever wine happens to be in the rest-houses. But soldiers are born grumblers. Their very first day out, my men complained of our water-ground British corn. They said it wasn't so filling as the rough stuff that is ground in the Roman ox-mills. However, they had to fetch and eat it."

"Fetch it? Where from?" said Una.

"From that newly invented water-mill below the Forge."

"That's Forge Mill — *our* Mill!" Una looked at Puck.

"Yes; yours," Puck put in. "How old did you think it was?"

"I don't know. Didn't Sir Richard Dalyngridge talk about it?"

"He did, and it was old in his day," Puck answered. "Hundreds of years old."

"It was new in my day," said Parnesius. "My men looked at the flour in their helmets as though it had been a nest of adders. They did it to try my patience. But I — addressed them, and we became friends. To tell the truth, they taught me the Roman Step. You see, I'd only served with quick-marching Auxiliaries. A Legion's pace is altogether different. It is a long, slow stride, that never varies from sunrise to sunset. "Rome's Race — Rome's Pace," as the proverb says. Twenty-four miles in eight hours, neither more nor less. Head and spear up, shield on your back, cuirass-collar open one hand's breadth — and that's how you take the Eagles through Britain."

"And did you meet any adventures?" said Dan.

"There are no adventures South the Wall," said Parnesius. "The worst thing that happened me was having to appear before a magistrate up North, where a wandering philosopher had jeered at the Eagles. I was able to show that the old man deliberately blocked our road, and the magistrate told him, out of his own Book, I believe, that, whatever his God might be, he should pay proper respect to Cæsar."

"What did you do?" said Dan.

"Went on. Why should *I* care for such things, my business being to reach my station? It took me twenty days.

"Of course, the farther North you go the emptier are the roads. At last you fetch clear of the forests and climb bare hills, where wolves howl in the ruins of our cities that have been. No more pretty girls; no more jolly magistrates who knew your Father when he was young, and invite you to stay with them; no news at the temples and way-stations except bad news of wild beasts. There's where you meet hunters, and trappers for the Circuses, prodding along chained bears

"There's where you meet hunters, and trappers for the Circuses, prodding along chained bears and muzzled wolves."

and muzzled wolves. Your pony shies at them, and your men laugh.

"The houses change from gardened villas to shut forts with watch-towers of gray stone, and great stone-walled sheepfolds, guarded by armed Britons of the North Shore. In the naked hills beyond the naked houses, where the shadows of the clouds play like cavalry charging, you see puffs of black smoke from the mines. The hard road goes on and on — and the wind sings through your helmet-plume — past altars to Legions and Generals forgotten, and broken statues of Gods and Heroes, and thousands of graves where the mountain foxes and hares peep at you. Red-hot in summer, freezing in winter, is that big, purple heather country of broken stone.

"Just when you think you are at the world's end, you see a smoke from East to West as far as the eye can turn, and then, under it, also as far as the eye can stretch, houses and temples, shops and theaters, barracks, and granaries, trickling along like dice behind — always behind — one long, low, rising and falling, and hiding and showing line of towers. And that is the Wall!"

"Ah!" said the children taking breath.

"You may well," said Parnesius. "Old men who have followed the Eagles since boyhood say nothing in the Empire is more wonderful than first sight of the Wall!"

"Is it just *a* Wall? Like the one round the kitchen garden?" said Dan.

"No, no! It is *the* Wall. Along the top are towers with guard-houses, small towers, between. Even on the narrowest part of it three men with shields can walk abreast from guard-house to guard-house. A little curtain wall, no higher than a man's neck, runs along the top of the thick wall, so that from a distance you see the helmets of the sentries

sliding back and forth like beads. Thirty feet high is the Wall, and on the Picts' side, the North, is a ditch, strewn with blades of old swords and spear-heads set in wood, and tires of wheels joined by chains. The Little People come there to steal iron for their arrow-heads.

"But the Wall itself is not more wonderful than the town behind it. Long ago there were great ramparts and ditches on the South side, and no one was allowed to build there. Now the ramparts are partly pulled down and built over, from end to end of the Wall; making a thin town eighty miles long. Think of it! One roaring, rioting, cock-fighting, wolf-baiting, horse-racing town, from Ituna on the West to Segedunum on the cold eastern beach! On one side heather, woods and ruins where Picts hide, and on the other, a vast town — long like a snake, and wicked like a snake. Yes, a snake basking beside a warm wall!

"My Cohort, I was told, lay at Hunno, where the Great North Road runs through the Wall into the Province of Valentia." Parnesius laughed scornfully. "The Province of Valentia! We followed the road, therefore, into Hunno town, and stood astonished. The place was a fair — a fair of peoples from every corner of the Empire. Some were racing horses: some sat in wine-shops: some watched dogs baiting bears, and many gathered in a ditch to see cocks fight. A boy not much older than myself, but I could see he was an Officer, reined up before me and asked what I wanted.

"'My station,' I said, and showed him my shield." Parnesius held up his broad shield with its three X's like letters on a beer-cask.

"'Lucky omen!' said he. 'Your Cohort's the next tower to us, but they're all at the cock-fight. This is a happy place. Come and wet the Eagles.' He meant to offer me a drink.

"'When I've handed over my men,' I said. I felt angry and ashamed.

"'Oh, you'll soon outgrow that sort of nonsense,' he answered. 'But don't let me interfere with your hopes. Go on to the Statue of Roma Dea. You can't miss it. The main road into Valentia!' and he laughed and rode off. I could see the Statue not a quarter of a mile away, and there I went. At some time or other the Great North Road ran under it into Valentia; but the far end had been blocked up because of the Picts, and on the plaster a man had scratched, 'Finish!' It was like marching into a cave. We grounded spears together, my little thirty, and it echoed in the barrel of the arch, but none came. There was a door at one side painted with our number. We prowled in, and I found a cook asleep, and ordered him to give us food. Then I climbed to the top of the Wall, and looked out over the Pict country, and I — thought," said Parnesius. "The bricked-up arch with 'Finish!' on the plaster was what shook me, for I was not much more than a boy."

"What a shame!" said Una. "But did you feel happy after you'd had a good ——" Dan stopped her with a nudge.

"Happy?" said Parnesius. "When the men of the Cohort I was to command came back unhelmeted from the cock-fight, their birds under their arms, and asked me who I was? No, I was not happy; but I made my new Cohort unhappy too. . . . I wrote my Mother, I was happy but oh, my friends" — he stretched arms over bare knees — "I would not wish my worst enemy to suffer as I suffered through my first months on the Wall. Remember this: among the officers was scarcely one, except myself (and I thought I had lost the favor of Maximus, my General), scarcely one who had not done something of wrong or folly. Either he had

killed a man, or taken money, or insulted the magistrates, or blasphemed the Gods, and so had been sent to the Wall as a hiding-place from shame or fear. And the men were as the officers. Remember, also, that the Wall was manned by every breed and race in the Empire. No two towers spoke the same tongue, or worshipped the same Gods. In one thing only we were all equal. No matter what arms we had used before we came to the Wall, *on* the Wall we were all archers, like the Scythians. The Pict cannot run away from the arrow, or crawl under it. He is a bowman himself. *He* knows!"

"I suppose you were fighting Picts all the time," said Dan.

"Picts seldom fight. I never saw a fighting Pict for half a year. The tame Picts told us they had all gone North."

"What is a tame Pict?" said Dan.

"A Pict — there were many such — who speaks a few words of our tongue, and slips across the Wall to sell ponies and wolf-hounds. Without a horse and a dog, *and* a friend, man would perish. The Gods gave me all three, and there is no gift like friendship. Remember this" — Parnesius turned to Dan — "when you become a young man. For your fate will turn on the first true friend you make."

"He means," said Puck, grinning, "that if you try to make yourself a decent chap when you're young, you'll make rather decent friends when you grow up. If you're a beast, you'll have beastly friends. Listen to the Pious Parnesius on Friendship!"

"I am not pious," Parnesius answered, "but I know what goodness means; and my friend, though he was without hope, was ten thousand times better than I. Stop laughing, Faun!"

"Oh, Youth Eternal and All-believing," cried Puck, as he rocked on the branch above. "Tell them about your Pertinax."

"He was that friend the Gods sent me — the boy who spoke to me when I first came. Little older than myself, commanding the Augusta Victoria Cohort on the tower next to us and the Numidians. In virtue he was far my superior.

"Then why was he on the Wall?" Una asked, quickly. "They'd all done something bad. You said so yourself."

"He was the nephew, his Father had died, of a great rich man in Gaul who was not always kind to his Mother. When Pertinax grew up, he discovered this, and so his uncle shipped him off, by trickery and force, to the Wall. We came to know each other at a ceremony in our Temple — in the dark. It was the Bull Killing," Parnesius explained to Puck.

"*I* see," said Puck, and turned to the children. "That's something you wouldn't quite understand. Parnesius means he met Pertinax in church."

"Yes — in the Cave we first met, and we were both raised to the degree of Gryphons together." Parnesius lifted his hand toward his neck for an instant. "He had been on the Wall two years, and knew the Picts well. He taught me first how to take heather."

"What's that?" said Dan.

"Going out hunting in the Pict country with a tame Pict. You are quite safe so long as you are his guest, and wear a sprig of heather where it can be seen. If you went alone you would surely be killed, if you were not smothered first in the bogs. Only the Picts know their way about those black and hidden bogs. Old Allo, the one-eyed, withered little Pict from whom we bought our ponies, was our special friend. At first we went only to escape from the terrible town, and to talk together about our homes. Then he showed us how to hunt wolves and those great red deer with horns like Jewish candlesticks. The Roman-born officers rather looked down

on us for doing this, but we preferred the heather to their amusements. Believe me," Parnesius turned again to Dan, "a boy is safe from all things that really harm when he is astride a pony or after a deer. Do you remember, O Faun," he turned to Puck, "the little altar I built to the Sylvan Pan by the pine-forest beyond the brook?"

"Which? The stone one with the line from Xenophon?" said Puck, in quite a new voice.

"No. What do *I* know of Xenophon? That was Pertinax — after he had shot his first mountain-hare with an arrow — by chance! Mine I made of round pebbles in memory of my first bear. It took me one happy day to build." Parnesius faced the children quickly.

"And that was how we lived on the Wall for two years — a little scuffling with the Picts, and a great deal of hunting with old Allo in the Pict country. He called us his children sometimes, and we were fond of him and his barbarians, though we never let them paint us Pict fashion. The marks endure till you die."

"How's it done?" said Dan. "Anything like tattooing?"

"They prick the skin till the blood runs, and rub in colored juices. Allo was painted blue, green, and red from his forehead to his ankles. He said it was part of his religion. He told us about his religion (Pertinax was always interested in such things), and as we came to know him well, he told us what was happening in Britain behind the Wall. Many things took place behind us in those days. And, by the Light of the Sun," said Parnesius, earnestly, "there was not much that those little people did not know! He told me when Maximus crossed over to Gaul, after he had made himself Emperor of Britain, and what troops and emigrants he had taken with him. *We* did not get the news on the Wall till fifteen days later. He told me what troops Maximus was

taking out of Britain every month to help him to conquer Gaul; and I always found the numbers as he said. Wonderful! And I tell another strange thing!"

He jointed his hands across his knees, and leaned his head on the curve of the shield behind him.

"Late in the summer, when the first frosts begin and the Picts kill their bees, we three rode out after wolf with some new hounds. Rutilianus, our General, had given us ten days' leave, and we had pushed beyond the Second Wall — beyond the Province of Valentia — into the higher hills, where there are not even any of Rome's old ruins. We killed a she-wolf before noon, and while Allo was skinning her he looked up and said to me, 'When you are Captain of the Wall, my child, you won't be able to do this any more!'

"I might as well have been made Prefect of Lower Gaul, so I laughed and said, 'Wait till I am Captain.' 'No don't, wait,' said Allo. 'Take my advice and go home — both of you.' 'We have no homes,' said Pertinax. 'You know that as well as we do. We're finished men — thumbs down against both of us. Only men without hope would risk their necks on your ponies.' The old man laughed one of those short Pict laughs — like a fox barking on a frosty night. 'I'm fond of you two,' he said. 'Besides, I've taught you what little you know about hunting. Take my advice and go home.'

"'We can't,' I said. 'I'm out of favor with my General, for one thing; and for another, Pertinax has an uncle.'

"'I don't know about his uncle,' said Allo, 'but the trouble with you, Parnesius, is that your General thinks well of you.'

"'Roma Dea!' said Pertinax, sitting up, 'What can you guess what Maximus thinks, you old horse-coper?'

"Just then (you know how near the brutes creep when one is eating?) a great dog-wolf jumped out behind us, and

away our rested hounds tore after him, with us at their tails. He ran us far out of any country we'd ever heard of, straight as an arrow till sunset, toward the sunset. We came at last to long capes stretching into winding waters, and on a gray beach below us we saw ships drawn up. Forty-seven we counted — not Roman galleys but the raven-winged ships from the North where Rome does not rule. Men moved in the ships, and the sun flashed on their helmets — winged helmets of the red-haired men form the North where Rome does not rule. We watched, and we counted, and we wondered; for though we had heard rumors concerning these Winged Hats, as the Picts called them, never before had we looked upon them.

"'Come away! Come away!' said Allo. 'My heather won't protect you here. We shall all be killed!' His legs trembled like his voice. Back we went — back across the heather under the moon, till it was nearly morning, and our poor beasts stumbled on some ruins.

"When we woke, very stiff and cold, Allo was mixing the meal and water. One does not light fires in the Pict country except near a village. The little men are always signaling to each other with smokes, and a strange smoke brings them out buzzing like bees. They can sting, too!

"'What we saw last night was a trading-station,' said Allo. 'Nothing but a trading-station.'

"'I do not like lies on an empty stomach,' said Pertinax. 'I suppose' (he had eyes like an eagle's), 'I suppose *that* is a trading-station also?' He pointed to a smoke far off on a hill-top, ascending in what we call the Pict's Call: Puff — double-puff: double-puff — puff! They make it by raising and dropping a wet hide on a fire.

"'No,' said Allo, pushing the platter back into the bag. 'That is for you and me. Your fate is fixed. Come.'

"We came. When one takes heather, one must obey one's Pict — but that wretched smoke was twenty miles distant, well over on the east coast, and the day was as hot as a bath.

"'Whatever happens,' said Allo, while our ponies grunted along, 'I want you to remember me.'

"'I shall not forget,' said Pertinax. 'You have cheated me out of my breakfast.'

"'What is a handful of crushed oats to a Roman?' he said. Then he laughed his laugh that was not a laugh. 'What would *you* do if *you* were a handful of oats being crushed between the upper and lower stones of a mill?'

"'I'm Pertinax, not a riddle-guesser,' said Pertinax.

"'You're a fool,' said Allo. 'Your Gods and my Gods are threatened by strange Gods, and all you can do is to laugh.'

"'Threatened men live long,' I said.

"'I pray the Gods that may be true,' he said. 'But I ask you again not to forget me.'

"We climbed the last hot hill and looked out on the eastern sea, three or four miles off. There was a small sailing-galley of the North Gaul pattern at anchor, her landing-plank down and her sail half up; and below us, alone in a hollow, holding his pony, sat Maximus, Emperor of Britain! He was dressed like a hunter, and he leaned on his little stick; but I knew that back as far as I could see it, and I told Pertinax.

"'You're madder than Allo!' he said. It must be the sun!'

"Maximus never stirred till we stood before him. Then he looked me up and down, and said: 'Hungry again? It seems to be my destiny to feed you whenever we meet. I have food here. Allo shall cook it.'

"'No,' said Allo. 'A Prince in his own land does not wait on wandering Emperors. I feed my two children without asking your leave.' He began to blow up the ashes.

"'I was wrong,' said Pertinax. 'We are all mad. Speak up, O Madman called Emperor!'

"Maximus smiled his terrible tight-lipped smile, but two years on the Wall do not make a man afraid of mere looks. So I was not afraid.

"'I meant you, Parnesius, to live and die an Officer of the Wall,' said Maximus. 'But it seems from these,' he fumbled in his breast, 'you can think as well as draw.' He pulled out a roll of letters I had written to my people, full of drawings of Picts, and bears and men I had met on the Wall. Mother and my sister always liked my pictures.

"He handed me one that I had called 'Maximus's Soldiers.' It showed a row of fat wine-skins, and our old Doctor of the Hunno hospital snuffing at them. Each time that Maximus had taken troops out of Britain to help him to conquer Gaul, he used to send the garrisons more wine — to keep them quiet, I suppose. On the Wall, we always called a wine-skin a 'Maximus.' Oh, yes; and I had drawn them in Imperial helmets!

"'Not long since,' he went on, 'men's names were sent up to Cæsar for smaller jokes than this.'

"'True, Cæsar,' said Pertinax; 'but you forget that was before I, your friend's friend, became such a good spear-thrower.'

"He did not actually point his hunting spear at Maximus, but balanced it on his palm — so!

"'I was speaking of time past,' said Maximus, never fluttering an eyelid. 'Nowadays one is only too pleased to find boys who can think for themselves, *and* their friends.'

He nodded at Pertinax. 'Your Father lent me the letters, Parnesius, so you run no risk from me.'

"'None whatever,' said Pertinax, and rubbed the spear-point on his sleeve.

"'I have been forced to reduce the garrisons in Britain, because I need troops in Gaul. Now I come to take troops from the Wall itself,' said he.

"'I wish you joy of us,' said Pertinax. 'We're the last sweepings of the Empire — the men without hope. Myself, I'd sooner trust condemned criminals.'

"'You think so?' he said, quite seriously. 'But it will only be till I win Gaul. One must always risk one's life, or one's soul, or one's peace — or some little thing.'

"Allo passed round the fire with the sizzling deer's meat. He served us two first.

"'Ah!' said Maximus, waiting his turn. 'I perceive you are in your own country. Well, you deserve it. They tell me you have quite a following among the Picts, Parnesius.'

"'I have hunted with them,' I said. 'Maybe I have a few friends among the heather.'

"'He is the only armored man of you all who understands us,' said Allo, and he began a long speech about our virtues, and how we had saved one of his grandchildren from a wolf the year before."

"Had you?" said Una.

"Yes; but that was neither here nor there. The little green man orated like a — like Cicero. He made us out to be magnificent fellows. Maximus never took his eyes off our faces.

"'Enough,' he said. 'I have heard Allo on you. I wish to hear you on the Picts.'

"I told him as much as I knew, and Pertinax helped me out. There is never harm in a Pict if you but take the trouble

to find out what he wants. Their real grievance against us came from our burning their heather. The whole garrison of the Wall moved out twice a year, and solemnly burned the heather for ten miles North. Rutilianus, our General, called it clearing the country. The Picts, of course, scampered away, and all we did was to destroy their bee-bloom in the summer, and ruin their sheep-food in the spring.

"'True, quite true,' said Allo. 'How can we make our holy heather-wine, if you burn our bee-pasture?'

"We talked long, Maximus asking keen questions that showed he knew much and had thought more about the Picts. He said presently to me: "If I gave you the old Province of Valentia to govern, could you keep the Picts contented till I won Gaul? Stand away, so that you do not see Allo's face; and speak your own thoughts.'

"'No,' I said. 'You cannot re-make that Province. The Picts have been free too long.

"'Leave them their village councils, and let them furnish their own soldiers,' he said. 'You, I am sure, would hold the reins very lightly.'

"'Even then, no,' I said. 'At least not now. They have been too oppressed by us to trust anything with a Roman name for years and years.'

"I heard old Allo behind me mutter: 'Good child!'

"'Then what do you recommend,' said Maximus, 'to keep the North quiet till I win Gaul?'

"'Leave the Picts alone,' I said. 'Stop the heather-burning at once, and — they are improvident little animals — send them a shipload or two of corn now and then.'

"'Their own men must distribute it — not some cheating Greek accountant,' said Pertinax.

"'Yes, and allow them to come to our hospitals when they are sick,' I said.

"'Surely they would die first,' said Maximus.

"'Not if Parnesius brought them in,' said Allo. 'I could show you twenty wolf-bitten, bear-clawed Picts within twenty miles of here. But Parnesius must stay with them in Hospital, else they would go mad with fear.'

"'*I* see,' said Maximus. 'Like everything else in the world, it is one man's work. You, I think, are that one man.'

"'Pertinax and I are one,' I said.

"'As you please, so long as you work. Now, Allo, you know that I mean your people no harm. Leave us to talk together,' said Maximus.

"'No need!' said Allo. 'I am the corn between the upper and lower millstones. I must know what the lower millstone means to do. These boys have spoken the truth as far as they know it. I, a Prince, will tell you the rest. I am troubled about the Men of the North.' He squatted like a hare in the heather, and looked over his shoulder.

"'I also,' said Maximus, 'or I should not be here.'

"'Listen,' said Allo. 'Long and long ago the Winged Hats' — he meant the Northmen — 'came to our beaches and said, "Rome falls! Push her down!" We fought you. You sent men. We were beaten. After that we said to the Winged Hats, "You are liars! Make our men alive that Rome killed, and we will believe you." They went away ashamed. Now they come back bold, and they tell the old tale, which we begin to believe — that Rome falls!'

"'Give me three years' peace on the Wall,' cried Maximus, 'and I will show you and all the ravens how they lie!'

"'Ah, I wish it too! I wish to save what is left of the corn from the millstones. But you shoot us Picts when we come to borrow a little iron from the Iron Ditch; you burn our heather, which is all our crop; you trouble us with your

great catapults. Then you hide behind the Wall, and scorch us with Greek fire. How can I keep my young men from listening to the Winged Hats — in winter especially, when we are hungry? My young men will say, "Rome can neither fight nor rule. She is taking her men out of Britain. The Winged Hats will help us to push down the Wall. Let us show them the secret roads across the bogs." Do *I* want that? No!' He spat like an adder. '*I* would keep the secrets of my people though I were burned alive. My two children here have spoken truth. Leave us Picts alone. Comfort us, and cherish us, and feed us from far off — with the hand behind your back. Parnesius understands us. Let *him* have rule on the Wall, and I will hold my young men quiet for' — he ticked it off on his fingers — 'one year easily: the next year not so easily: the third year, perhaps! See, I give you three years. If then you do not show us that Rome is strong in men and terrible in arms, the Winged Hats, I tell you, will sweep down the Wall from either sea till they meet in the middle, and you will go. *I* shall not grieve over that, but well I know tribe never helps tribe except for one price. We Picts will go too. The Winged Hats will grind us to this!' He tossed a handful of dust in the air.

"'Oh, Roma Dea!' said Maximus, half aloud. 'It is always one man's work — always and everywhere!'

"'And one man's life,' said Allo. 'You are Emperor, but not a God. You may die.'

"'I have thought of that, too,' said he. 'Very good. If this wind holds, I shall be at the East end of the Wall by morning. To-morrow, then, I shall see you two when I inspect; and I will make you Captains of the Wall for this work.'

"'One instant, Cæsar,' said Pertinax. 'All men have their price. I am not bought yet.'

"'Do *you* also begin to bargain so early?' said Maximus. 'Well?'

"'Give me justice against my uncle Icenus, the Duumvir of Divio in Gaul,' he said.

"'Only a life? I thought it would be money or an office Certainly you shall have him. Write his name on these tablets — on the red side; the other is for the living!' And Maximus held out his tablets.

"'He is of no use to me dead,' said Pertinax. 'My mother is a widow. I am far off. I am not sure he pays her all her dowry.'

"'No matter. My arm is reasonably long. We will look through your uncle's accounts in due time. Now, farewell till to-morrow, O Captains of the Wall!'

"We saw him grow small across the heather as he walked to the galley. There were Picts, scores, each side of him, hidden behind stones. He never looked left or right. He sailed away Southerly, full spread before the evening breeze, and when we had watched him out to sea, we were silent. We understood Earth bred few men like to this man.

"Presently Allo brought the ponies and held them for us to mount — a thing he had never done before.

"'Wait awhile,' said Pertinax, and he made a little altar of cut turf, and strewed heather-bloom atop, and laid upon it a letter from a girl in Gaul.

"'What do you do, O my friend?' I said.

"'I sacrifice to my dead youth,' he answered, and, when the flames had consumed the letter, he ground them out with his heel. Then we rode back to that Wall of which we were to be Captains."

Parnesius stopped. The children sat still, not even asking if that were all the tale. Puck beckoned, and pointed the way

out of the wood. "Sorry," he whispered, "but you must go now."

"We haven't made him angry, have we?" said Una. "He looks so far off, and — and — thinky."

"Bless your heart, no. Wait till to-morrow. It won't be long. Remember, you've been playing '*Lays of Ancient Rome.*'"

And as soon as they had scrambled through their gap, where Oak, Ash, and Thorn grow, that was all they remembered.

THE WINGED HATS

THE next day happened to be what they called a Wild Afternoon. Father and Mother went out to pay calls; Miss Blake went for a ride on her bicycle, and they were left all alone till eight o'clock.

When they had seen their dear parents and their dear preceptress politely off the premises they got a cabbage-leaf full of raspberries from the gardener, and a Wild Tea from Ellen. They ate the raspberries to prevent their squashing, and they meant to divide the cabbage-leaf with Three Cows down at the Theater, but they came across a dead hedgehog which they simply *had* to bury, and the leaf was too useful to waste.

Then they went on to the Forge and found old Hobden the hedger at home with his son the Bee Boy who is not quite right in his head, but who can pick up swarms of bees in his naked hands; and the Bee Boy told them the rhyme about the slow-worm:

> "If I had eyes *as* I could see,
> No mortal man would trouble me."

They all had tea together by the hives, and Hobden said the loaf-cake which Ellen had given them was almost as good as what his wife used to make, and he showed them how to set a wire at the right height for hares. They knew about rabbits already.

Then they climbed up Long Ditch into the lower end of Far Wood. This is sadder and darker than the "Volaterrae" end because of an old marlpit full of black water, where weepy, hairy moss hangs round the stumps of the willows and alders. But the birds come to perch on the dead branches, and Hobden says that the bitter willow-water is a sort of medicine for sick animals.

They sat down on a felled oak-trunk in the shadows of the beech undergrowth, and were looping the wires Hobden had given them, when they saw Parnesius.

"How quietly you came!" said Una, moving up to make room. "Where's Puck?"

"The Faun and I have disputed whether it is better that I should tell you all my tale, or leave it untold," he replied.

"I only said that if he told it as it happened you wouldn't understand it," said Puck, jumping up like a squirrel from behind the log.

"I don't understand all of it," said Una, "but I like hearing about the little Picts."

"What *I* can't understand," said Dan, "is how Maximus knew all about the Picts when he was over in Gaul."

"He who makes himself Emperor anywhere must know everything, everywhere," said Parnesius. "We had this much from Maximus' mouth after the Games."

"Games? What games?" said Dan.

Parnesius stretched his arm out stiffly, thumb pointed to the ground. "Gladiators! *That* sort of game," he said. "There were two days' Games in his honor when he landed all unexpected at Segedunum on the East end of the Wall. Yes, the day after we had met him we held two days' games; but I think the greatest risk was run, not by the poor wretches on the sand, but by Maximus. In the old days the Legions kept silence before their Emperor. So did not we! You

could hear the solid roar run West along the Wall as his chair was carried rocking through the crowds. The garrison beat round him — clamoring, clowning, asking for pay, for change of quarters, for anything that came into their wild heads. That chair was like a little boat among waves, dipping and falling, but always rising again after one had shut the eyes." Parnesius shivered.

"Were they angry with him?" said Dan.

"No more angry than wolves in a cage when their trainer walks among them. If he had turned his back an instant, or for an instant had ceased to hold their eyes, there would have been another Emperor made on the Wall that hour. Was it not so, Faun?"

"So it was. So it always will be," said Puck.

"Late in the evening his messenger came for us, and we followed to the Temple of Victory, where he lodged with Rutilianus, the General of the Wall. I had hardly seen the General before, but he always gave me leave when I wished to take Heather. He was a great glutton, and kept five Asian cooks, and he came of a family that believed in oracles. We could smell his good dinner when we entered, but the tables were empty. He lay snorting on a couch. Maximus sat apart among long rolls of accounts. Then the doors were shut.

"'These are your men,' said Maximus to the General, who propped his eye-corners open with his gouty fingers, and stared at us like a fish.

"'I shall know them again, Cæsar,' said Rutilianus.

"'Very good,' said Maximus. 'Now hear! You are not to move man or shield on the Wall except as these boys shall tell you. You will do nothing, except eat, without their permission. They are the head and arms. You are the belly!'

"'As Cæsar pleases,' the old man grunted. 'If my pay and profits are not cut, you may make my Ancestors' Oracle my master. Rome has been! Rome has been!' Then he turned on his side to sleep.

"'He has it,' said Maximus. 'We will get to what *I* need.'

"He unrolled full copies of the number of men and supplies on the Wall — down to the sick that very day in Hunno Hospital. Oh, but I groaned when his pen marked off detachment after detachment of our best — of our least worthless men! He took two towers of our Scythians, two of our North British auxiliaries, two Numidian cohorts, the Dacians all, and half the Belgians. It was like an eagle pecking a carcass.

"'And now, how many catapults have you?' He turned up a new list, but Pertinax laid his open hand there.

"'No, Cæsar,' said he. 'Do not tempt the Gods too far. Take men, or engines, but not both; else we refuse.'"

"Engines?" said Una.

"The catapults of the Wall — huge things forty feet high to the head — firing nets of raw stone or forged bolts. Nothing can stand against them. He left us our catapults at last, but he took a Cæsar's half of our men without pity. We were a shell when he rolled up the lists!

"'Hail, Cæsar! We, about to die, salute you!' said Pertinax, laughing. 'If any enemy even leans against the Wall now, it will tumble.'

"'Give me the three years Allo spoke of,' he answered, 'and you shall have twenty thousand men of your own choosing up here. But now it is a gamble — a game played against the Gods, and the stakes are Britain, Gaul, and, perhaps, Rome. You play on my side?'

"'We will play, Cæsar,' I said, for I had never met a man like this man.

"'Good. To-morrow,' said he, 'I proclaim you Captains of the Wall before the troops.'

"So we went into the moonlight, where they were cleaning the ground after the Games. We saw great Roma Dea atop of the Wall, the frost on her helmet, and her spear pointed toward the North Star. We saw the twinkle of night-fires all along the guard-towers, and the line of the black catapults growing smaller and smaller in the distance. All these things we knew till we were weary; but that night they seemed very strange to us, because the next day we knew we were to be their masters.

"The men took the news well; but when Maximus went away with half our strength, and we had to spread ourselves into the emptied towers, and the townspeople complained that trade would be ruined, and the Autumn gales blew — it was dark days for us two. Here Pertinax was more than my right hand. Being born and bred among the great country-houses in Gaul, he knew the proper words to address to all — from Roman-born Centurions to those dogs of the Third — the Libyans. And he spoke to each as though that man were as high-minded as himself. Now *I* saw so strongly what things were needed to be done, that I forgot things are only accomplished by means of men. That was a mistake.

"I feared nothing from the Picts, at least for that year, but Allo warned me that the Winged Hats would soon come in from the sea at each end of the Wall to prove to the Picts how weak we were. So I made ready in haste, and none too soon. I shifted our best men to the ends of the Wall, and set up screened catapults by the beach. The Winged Hats would drive in before the snow-squalls — ten or twenty boats at a time — on Segedunum or Ituna, according as the wind blew.

"Now a ship coming in to land men must furl her sail. If you wait till you see her men gather up the sail's foot, your catapults can jerk a net of loose stones (bolts only cut through the cloth) into the bag of it. Then she turns over, and the sea makes everything clean again. A few men may come ashore, but very few. . . . It was not hard work, except the waiting on the beach in blowing sand and snow. And that was how we dealt with the Winged Hats that winter.

"Early in the Spring, when the East winds blow like skinning-knives, they gathered again off the East end with many ships. Allo told me they would never rest till they had taken a tower in open fight. Certainly they fought in the open. We dealt with them thoroughly through a long day: and, when all was finished, one man dived clear of the wreckage of his ship, and swam toward shore. I waited, and a wave tumbled him at my feet.

"As I stooped I saw he wore such a medal as I wear." Parnesius raised his hand to his neck. "Therefore, when he could speak I addressed him a certain Question which can only be answered in a certain manner. He answered with the necessary Word — the Word that belongs to the Degree of Gryphons in the science of Mithras my God. I put my shield over him till he could stand up. You see I am not short, but he was a head taller than I. He said: 'What now?' I said: 'At your pleasure, my brother, to stay or go.'

"He looked out across the surf. There remained one ship unhurt, beyond range of our catapults. I checked the catapults and he waved her in. She came as a hound comes to a master. When she was yet a hundred paces from the beach, he flung back his hair, and swam out. They hauled him in, and went away. I knew that those who worship

Mithras are many and of all races, so I did not think much more upon the matter.

"A month later I saw Allo with his horses — by the Temple of Pan, O Faun! — and he gave me a great necklace of gold studded with coral.

"At first I thought it was a bribe from some tradesman in the town — meant for old Rutilianus. 'Nay,' said Allo. 'This is a gift from Amal, that Winged Hat whom you saved on the beach. He says you are a Man.'

"'He is a Man, too. Tell him I can wear his gift,' I answered.

"'Oh, Amal is a young fool; but, speaking as sensible men, your Emperor is doing such great things in Gaul that the Winged Hats are anxious to be his friends, or, better still, the friends of his servants. They think you and Pertinax could lead them to victories.' Allo looked at me like a one-eyed raven.

"'Allo,' I said, 'you are the corn between the two millstones. Be content if they grind evenly, and don't thrust your hand between them.'

"'I?' said Allo. 'I hate Rome and the Winged Hats equally; but if the Winged Hats thought that some day you and Pertinax might join them against Maximus they would leave you in peace while you considered. Time is what we need — you and I and Maximus. Let me carry a pleasant message back to the Winged Hats — something for them to make a council over. We barbarians are all alike. We sit up half the night to discuss anything a Roman says. Eh?'

"'We have no men. We must fight with words,' said Pertinax. 'Leave it to Allo and me.'

"So Allo carried word back to the Winged Hats that we would not fight them if they did not fight us; and they (I

think they were a little tired of losing men in the sea) agreed to a sort of truce. I believe Allo, who, being a horse-dealer loved lies, also told them we might some day rise against Maximus as Maximus had risen against Rome.

"Indeed, they permitted the corn-ships which I sent to the Picts to pass North that season without harm. Therefore the Picts were well fed that winter, and, since they were in some sort my children, I was glad of it. We had only two thousand men on the Wall, and I wrote many times to Maximus and begged — prayed — him to send me only one cohort of my old North British troops. He could not spare them. He needed them to win more victories in Gaul.

"Then came news that he had defeated and slain the Emperor Gratian, and thinking he must now be secure, I wrote again for men. He answered: 'You will learn that I have at last settled accounts with the pup Gratian. There was no need that he should have died, but he became confused and lost his head. which is a bad thing to befall any Emperor. Tell your Father I am content to drive two mules only; for unless my old General's son thinks himself destined to destroy me, I shall rest Emperor of Gaul and Britain and then you, my two children, will presently get all the men you need. Just now I can spare none.'"

"What did he mean by his General's son?" said Dan.

"He meant Theodosius Emperor of Rome, who was the son of Theodosius the General under whom Maximus had fought in the old Pict War. The two men never loved each other, and when Gratian made the younger Theodosius Emperor of the East (at least, so I've heard), Maximus carried on the war to the second generation. It was his fate, and it was his fall. But Theodosius the Emperor is a good man. As I know." Parnesius was silent for a moment and then continued:

"I wrote back to Maximus that, though we had peace on the Wall, I should be happier with a few more men and some new catapults. He answered: 'You must live a little longer under the shadow of my victories, till I can see what young Theodosius intends. He may welcome me as a brother Emperor, or he may be preparing an army. In either case I cannot spare men just now.'"

"But he was always saying that," cried Una.

"It was true. He did not make excuses; but thanks, as he said, to the news of his victories, we had no trouble on the Wall for a long, long time. The Picts grew fat as their own sheep among the heather, and as many of my men as lived were well exercised in their weapons. Yes, the Wall looked strong. For myself, I knew how weak we were. I knew that if even a false rumor of any defeat to Maximus broke loose among the Winged Hats, they might come down in earnest, and then — the Wall must go! For the Picts I never cared, but in those years I learned something of the strength of the Winged Hats. They increased their strength every day, but I could not increase my men. Maximus had emptied Britain behind us, and I felt myself to be a man with a rotten stick standing before a broken fence to turn bulls.

"Thus, my friends, we lived on the Wall, waiting — waiting — waiting for the men that Maximus never sent!

"Presently he wrote that he was preparing an army against Theodosius. He wrote — and Pertinax read it over my shoulder in our quarters: '*Tell your Father that my destiny orders me to drive three mules or be torn in pieces by them. I hope within a year to finish with Theodosius, son of Theodosius, once and for all. Then you shall have Britain to rule, and Pertinax, if he chooses, Gaul. To-day I wish strongly you were with me to beat my Auxiliaries into shape. Do*

not, I pray you, believe any rumor of my sickness. I have a little evil in my old blood which I shall cure by riding swiftly into Rome.'

"Said Pertinax: 'It is finished with Maximus! He writes as a man without hope. I, a man without hope, can see this. What does he add at the bottom of the roll? "*Tell Pertinax I have met his late Uncle, the Duumvir of Divio, and that he accounted to me quite truthfully for all his Mother's monies. I have sent her with a fitting escort, for she is the mother of a hero, to Nicæa, where the climate is warm.*"

"'That is proof!' said Pertinax. 'Nicæa is not far by sea from Rome. A woman there could take ship and fly to Rome in time of war. Yes, Maximus foresees his death, and is fulfilling his promises one by one. But I am glad my Uncle met him.' "

"'You think blackly to-day?' I asked.

"'I think truth. The Gods weary of the play we have played against them. Theodosius will destroy Maximus. It is finished!'

"'Will you write him that?' I said.

"'See what I shall write,' he answered, and he took pen and wrote a letter cheerful as the light of day, tender as a woman's and full of jests. Even I, reading over his shoulder, took comfort from it till — I saw his face!

"'And now,' he said, sealing it, 'we be two dead men, my brother. Let us go to the Temple.'

"We prayed a while to Mithras, where we had many times prayed before. After that we lived day by day among evil rumors till winter came again.

"It happened one morning that we rode to the East Shore, and found on the beach a fair-haired man, half frozen, bound to some broken planks. Turning him over, we saw by his belt-buckle that he was a Goth of an Eastern Legion. Sud-

denly he opened his eyes and cried loudly: 'He is dead! The letters were with me, but the Winged Hats sunk the ship.' So saying, he died between our hands.

"We asked not who was dead. We knew! We raced before the driving snow to Hunno, thinking perhaps Allo might be there. We found him already at our stables, and he saw by our faces what we had heard.

"'It was in a tent by the Sea,' he stammered. 'He was beheaded by Theodosius. He sent a letter to you, written while he waited to be slain. The Winged Hats met the ship and took it. The news is running through the heather like fire. Blame me not! I cannot hold back my young men any more.'

"'I would we could say as much for our men,' said Pertinax, laughing. 'But, Gods be praised, they cannot run away.'

"'What do you do?' said Allo. 'I bring an order — a message — from the Winged Hats that you join them with your men, and march South to plunder Britain.'

"'It grieves me,' said Pertinax, 'but we are stationed here to stop that thing.'

"'If I carry back such an answer they will kill me,' said Allo. 'I always promised the Winged Hats that you would rise when Maximus fell. I — I did not think he could fall.'

"'Alas! my poor barbarian,' said Pertinax, still laughing. 'Well, you have sold us too many good ponies to be thrown back to your friends. We will make you a prisoner, although you are an ambassador.'

"'Yes, that will be best,' said Allo, holding out a halter. We bound him lightly, for he was an old man.

"'Presently the Winged Hats may come to look for you, and that will give us more time. See how the habit of playing for time sticks to a man!' said Pertinax, as he tied the rope.

"'No,' I said. 'Time may help. If Maximus wrote us

letters while he was a prisoner, Theodosius must have sent the ship that brought it. If he can send ships, he can send men.'

"'How will that profit us?' said Pertinax. 'We serve Maximus, not Theodosius. Even if by some miracle of the Gods Theodosius down South sent and saved the Wall, we could not expect more than the death Maximus died.'

"'It concerns us to defend the Wall, no matter what Emperor dies, or makes die,' I said.

"'That is worthy of your brother the philosopher,' said Pertinax. 'Myself I am without hope, so I do not say solemn and stupid things! Rouse the Wall!'

"We armed the Wall from end to end; we told the officers that there was a rumor of Maximus's death which might bring down the Winged Hats, but we were sure, even if it were true, that Theodosius, for the sake of Britain, would send us help. Therefore we must stand fast. . . . My friends, it is above all things strange to see how men bear ill news! Often the strongest till then become the weakest, while the weakest, as it were, reach up and steal strength from the Gods. So it was with us. Yet my Pertinax by his jests and his courtesy and his labors had put heart and training into our poor numbers during the past years — more than I should have thought possible. Even our Libyan Cohort — the Thirds — stood up in their padded cuirasses and did not whimper.

"In three days came seven chiefs and elders of the Winged Hats. Among them was that tall young man, Amal, whom I had met on the beach, and he smiled when he saw my necklace. We made them welcome, for they were ambassadors. We showed them Allo, alive but bound. They thought we had killed him, and I saw it would not have vexed them if we had. Allo saw it too, and it vexed him. Then in our quarters at Hunno we came to Council.

"They said that Rome was falling, and that we must join them. They offered me all South Britain to govern after they had taken a tribute out of it.

"I answered, 'Patience. This Wall is not weighed off like plunder. Give me proof that my General is dead.'

"'Nay,' said one elder, 'prove to us that he lives'; and another said, cunningly, 'What will you give us if we read you his last words?'

"'We are not merchants to bargain,' cried Amal. 'Moreover, I owe this man my life. He shall have his proof.' He threw across to me a letter (well I knew the seal) from Maximus.

"'We took this out of the ship we sunk,' he cried. 'I cannot read, but I know one sign, at least, which makes me believe.' He showed me a dark stain on the outer roll that my heavy heart perceived was the valiant blood of Maximus.

"'Read!' said Amal. 'Read, and then let us hear whose servants you are!'

"Said Pertinax, very softly, after he had looked through it: 'I will read it all. Listen, barbarians!' He read from that which I have carried next my heart ever since."

Parnesius drew from his neck a folded and spotted piece of parchment, and began in a hushed voice: —

"'*To Parnesius and Pertinax, the not unworthy Captains of the Wall, from Maximus, once Emperor of Gaul and Britain, now prisoner waiting death by the sea in the camp of Theodosius — Greeting and Good-bye!*'

"'Enough,' said young Amal; 'there is your proof! You must join us now!'

"Pertinax looked long and silently at him, till that fair man blushed like a girl. Then read Pertinax: —

"'*I have joyfully done much evil in my life to those who have wished me evil, but if ever I did any evil to you two I repent,*

and I ask your forgiveness. The three mules which I strove to drive have torn me in pieces as your Father prophesied. The naked swords wait at the tent door to give me the death I gave to Gratian. Therefore I, your General and your Emperor, send you free and honorable dismissal from my service, which you entered, not for money or office, but, as it makes me warm to believe, because you loved me!'

"'By the light of the Sun,' Amal broke in. 'This was in some sort a Man! We may have been mistaken in his servants!'

"And Pertinax read on: *'You gave me the time for which I asked. If I have failed to use it, do not lament. We have gambled very splendidly against the Gods, but they hold weighted dice, and I must pay the forfeit. Remember, I have been; but Rome is; and Rome will be! Tell Pertinax his Mother is in safety at Nicæa, and her monies are in charge of the Prefect at Antipolis. Make my remembrances to your Father and to your Mother, whose friendship was great gain to me. Give also to my little Picts and to the Winged Hats such messages as their thick heads can understand. I would have sent you three Legions this very day if all had gone aright. Do not forget me. We have worked together. Farewell! Farewell! Farewell!'*

"Now, that was my Emperor's last letter. (The children heard the parchment crackle as Parnesius returned it to its place.)

"'I was mistaken,' said Amal. 'The servants of such a man will sell nothing except over the sword. I am glad of it.' He held out his hand to me.

"'But Maximus has given you your dismissal,' said an elder. 'You are certainly free to serve — or to rule — whom you please. Join — do not follow — join us!'

"'We thank you,' said Pertinax. 'But Maximus tells us

to give you such messages as — pardon me, but I use his words — your thick heads can understand.' He pointed through the door to the foot of a catapult wound up.

"'We understand,' said an elder. 'The Wall must be won at a price?'

"'It grieves me,' said Pertinax, laughing, 'but so it must be won,' and he gave them of our best Southern wine.

"They drank, and wiped their yellow beards in silence till they rose to go.

"Said Amal, stretching himself (for they were barbarians), 'We be a goodly company; I wonder what the ravens and the dogfish will make of some of us before this snow melts.'

"'Think rather what Theodosius may send,' I answered; and though they laughed, I saw that my chance shot troubled them.

"Only old Allo lingered behind a little.

"'You see,' he said, winking and blinking, 'I am no more than their dog. When I have shown their men the secret short ways across our bogs, they will kick me like one.'

"'Then I should not be in haste to show them those ways,' said Pertinax, 'till I were sure that Rome could not save the Wall.'

"'You think so? Woe is me!' said the old man. 'I only wanted peace for my people,' and he went out stumbling through the snow behind the tall Winged Hats.

"In this fashion then, slowly, a day at a time, which is very bad for doubting troops, the War came upon us. At first the Winged Hats swept in from the sea as they had done before, and there we met them as before — with the catapults; and they sickened of it. Yet for a long time they would not trust their duck-legs on land, and I think when it came to revealing the secrets of the tribe, the little Picts were afraid or ashamed to show them all the roads across

the heather. I had this from a Pict prisoner. They were as much our spies as our enemies, for the Winged Hats oppressed them, and took their winter stores. Ah, foolish Little People!

"Then the Winged Hats began to roll us up from each end of the Wall. I sent runners Southward to see what the news might be in Britain; but the wolves were very bold that winter among the deserted stations where the troops had once been, and none came back. We had trouble too with the forage for the ponies along the Wall. I kept ten, and so did Pertinax. We lived and slept in the saddle riding east or west, and we ate our worn-out ponies. The people of the town also made us some trouble till I gathered them all in one quarter behind Hunno. We broke down the Wall on either side of it to make as it were a citadel. Our men fought better in close order.

"By the end of the second month we were deep in the War as a man is deep in a snowdrift or in a dream. I think we fought in our sleep. At least I know I have gone on the Wall and come off again, remembering nothing between, though my throat was harsh with giving orders, and my sword, I could see, had been used.

"The Winged Hats fought like wolves — all in a pack. Where they had suffered most, there they charged in most hotly. This was hard for the defender, but it held them from sweeping on into Britain.

"In those days Pertinax and I wrote on the plaster of the bricked archway into Valentia the names of the towers, and the days on which they fell one by one. We wished for some record.

"And the fighting? The fight was always hottest to left and right of the great Statue of Roma Dea, near to Rutilianus' house. By the light of the Sun, that old fat man, whom we

had not considered at all, grew young again among the trumpets! I remember he said his sword was an oracle! 'Let us consult the Oracle,' he would say, and put the handle against his ear, and shake his head wisely. 'And *this* day is allowed Rutilianus to live,' he would say, and, tucking up his cloak, he would puff and pant and fight well. Oh, there were jests in plenty on the Wall to take the place of food!

"We endured for two months and seventeen days — always being pressed from three sides into a smaller space. Several times Allo sent in word that help was at hand. We did not believe it, but it cheered our men.

"The end came not with shoutings of joy, but, like the rest, as in a dream. The Winged Hats suddenly left us in peace for one night, and the next day; which is too long for spent men. We slept at first lightly, expecting to be roused, and then like logs, each where he lay. May you never need such sleep! When I waked our towers were full of strange, armed men, who watched us snoring. I roused Pertinax, and we leaped up together.

"'What?' said a young man in clean armor. 'Do you fight against Theodosius? Look!'

"North we looked over the red snow. No Winged Hats were there. South we looked over the white snow, and behold there were the Eagles of two strong Legions encamped. East and west we saw flame and fighting, but by Hunno all was still.

"'Trouble no more,' said the young man. 'Rome's arm is long. Where are the Captains of the Wall?'

"We said we were those men.

"'But you are old and gray-haired.' he cried. 'Maximus said that they were boys.'

"'Yes, that was true some years ago,' said Pertinax. 'What is our fate to be, you fine and well-fed child?'

"'I am called Ambrosius, a secretary of the Emperor,' he answered. 'Show me a certain letter which Maximus wrote from a tent at Aquileia, and perhaps I will believe.'

"I took it from my breast, and when he had read it he saluted us, saying: 'Your fate is in your own hands. If you choose to serve Theodosius, he will give you a Legion. If it suits you to go to your homes, we will give you a Triumph.'

"'I would like better a bath, wine, food, razors, soaps, oils, and scents,' said Pertinax, laughing.

"'Oh, I see you are a boy,' said Ambrosius. 'And you?' turning to me.

"'We bear no ill-will against Theodosius, but in War ——' I began.

"'In War it is as it is in Love,' said Pertinax. 'Whether she be good or bad, one gives one's best once, to one only. That given, there remains no second worth giving or taking.'

"'That is true,' said Ambrosius. 'I was with Maximus before he died. He warned Theodosius that you would never serve him, and frankly I say I am sorry for my Emperor.'

"'He has Rome to console him,' said Pertinax. 'I ask you of your kindness to let us go to our homes and get this smell out of our nostrils.'

"None the less they gave us a Triumph!"

"It was well earned," said Puck, throwing some leaves into the still water of the marlpit. The black, oily circles spread dizzily as the children watched them.

"I want to know, oh, ever so many things," said Dan. "What happened to old Allo? Did the Winged Hats ever come back? And what did Amal do?"

"And what happened to the fat old General with the five cooks?" said Una. "And what did your Mother say when you came home?" . . .

"She'd say you're settin' too long over this old pit, so late as 'tis already," said old Hobden's voice behind them. "Hst!" he whispered.

He stood still, for not twenty paces away a magnificent dog-fox sat on his haunches and looked at the children as though he were an old friend of theirs.

"Oh, Mus' Reynolds, Mus' Reynolds!" said Hobden, under his breath. "If I knowed all was inside your head, I'd know something wuth knowin'. Mus' Dan an' Miss Una, come along o' me while I lock up my liddle hen-house."

THE BURNING OF THE SARAH SANDS

MEN have sailed the seas for so many years, and have there done such amazing things in the face of danger, difficulty, and death, that no one tale of heroism exists which cannot be capped by at least a score of others. But since the behavior of bodies of untried men under trying circumstances is always interesting, and since I have been put in possession of some facts not very generally known, I will try here to tell you the story of the *Sarah Sands*.

She was a small, four-masted — you must specially remember the masts — iron-built screw steamer of eleven hundred tons, chartered to take out British troops to India. That was in 1857, the year of the Indian Mutiny, when everything that could sail or steer was in great demand — for troops were being rushed into the country against time.

Among the regiments was the 54th of the Line, now the Second Battalion of the Dorset Regiment — a good corps about a hundred years old, with a very fair record of service, but in no special way differing, so far as one can see, from a hundred other regiments. It was hurried out in three ships. The Headquarters — that is to say, the Lieutenant-Colonel, the regimental books, pay-chest, band and Colors — you must specially remember the Colors — with some fourteen officers, three hundred and fifty-four rank and file, and perhaps a dozen women, left Portsmouth, England, on the 15th of August, 1857, all packed tight in the *Sarah Sands*.

Her crew, with the exception of the engineers and the firemen, seemed to have been foreigners and pier-head jumpers picked up at the last minute. They were bad, lazy and insubordinate.

The accommodation for the troops was generously described as "inferior," and what men called "inferior" fifty years ago would now be called vile. Nor, in spite of the need, was there any great swiftness about the *Sarah Sands*. She took two long months to reach Cape Town, and she stayed there five days to coal, leaving on the 20th of October. By this time the crew were all but openly mutinous, and the troops, who must have learned a little seamanship by that time, worked her out of the harbor.

On the 7th of November, nearly three weeks later, a squall struck her and carried away her foremast, and it is to be presumed that the troops turned to and cleared away the wreckage. On the 11th of November the real trouble began, for, in the afternoon of that day, three months out from Portsmouth, a party of soldiers working in the hold saw smoke coming from the after-hatch. The *Sarah Sands* was then, maybe, within a thousand miles of Mauritius, in half a gale and a sea full of sharks. Captain Castles, the skipper, promptly lowered and provisioned the boats; got them overside with some difficulty and put the women into them. Some of the sailors, the bad kind — the engineers and the firemen and a few others behaved well — jumped into the long-boat and kept away from the ship. They knew she carried two magazines full of cartridges.

The troops, on the other hand, did not make any fuss, but under their officers' orders cleared out the starboard or right-hand magazine, while volunteers tried to save the regimental Colors. These stood at the end of the first-class saloon, probably clamped against a partition behind the

captain's chair, and the saloon was full of smoke. Two lieutenants made a dash for them, and were nearly suffocated. A ship's quartermaster — Richard Richmond was his name — put a wet cloth over his face, managed to tear down the Colors, and then fainted. A private — and his name was W. Wiles — dragged out both Richmond and the Colors, and the two men dropped senseless on deck while the troops cheered. That, at least, was a good omen for the beginning of the fight.

The saloon must have been one of the narrow, cabin-lined, old-fashioned "cuddies," placed aft, above the screw, and all the fire was in the stern of the ship, abaft the engine-room. It was blazing very close to the port or left-hand magazine, and as an explosion there would have blown the *Sarah Sands* in two, they called for more volunteers, and one of the lieutenants who had been choked in the saloon went down into that port magazine and passed up a barrel of ammunition, which was joyfully hove overboard. After this example work went on regularly.

They pulled up the fainting men with ropes while those who did not faint grabbed what cartridge barrels they could get at in the smother, and an official and serene Quartermaster-sergeant stood on the hatch as he jotted down the number of rescued barrels in his note-book. They pulled out all except two, which slid from the arms of a fainting man — there was a good deal of fainting that evening — and rolled out of reach. Besides these, there were somewhere in that magazine two barrels of signaling powder for the ship's use, but this the troops did not know, and were the more comfortable for their ignorance.

Then the flames broke through the after-deck, the light attracting shoals of sharks, and the mizzen-mast flared up and went overside with a crash. The drag of the drifting

lumber would have pulled the ship's stern to the wind, in which case the flames must have swept forward and destroyed everything; but a man with a hatchet ran along the bulwarks and cut the wreck clear, while the boats surged and rocked at a safe distance and the sharks, so it is said, tried to upset them with their tails.

A captain of the 54th — he was a jovial soul, and made jokes throughout the affair — headed a party of men to cut away the bridge, the deck cabins, and everything else that was inflammable — this in case the flames should sweep forward again — while a provident lieutenant with some more troops lashed spars and things together for a raft, and other gangs pumped water desperately on to what was left of the saloon and the magazines. Work was carried on, more or less, in military fashion.

One record says quaintly: "It was necessary to make some deviation from the usual military evolutions while the flames were in progress. The men formed in sections, countermarched round the forward part of the ship, which may perhaps be better understood when it is stated that those with their faces to the after part where the fire raged were on their way to relieve their comrades who had been working below. Those proceeding "forward" were going to recruit their exhausted strength and prepare for another attack when it came to their turn."

No one seemed to have much hope of saving the ship so long as the last powder was unexploded. Indeed, Captain Castles told an officer of the 54th that the game was up, and the officer replied: "We'll fight till we're driven overboard!" It seemed that he would be taken at his word, for just then the signaling powder and the two missing ammunition casks blew up, and the ship from midships aft looked like one volcano.

The cartridges sputtered like crackers, and cabin doors and timbers were shot all over the deck, and two or three men were hurt. But — this isn't in any official record — just after the roar of it, when the ship's stern was dipping and all believed the *Sarah Sands* was settling for her last lurch, some merry jester of the 54th cried "Lights out!" and the jovial captain shouted back, "All right, we'll keep the old woman afloat yet!" Not one man of the troops made any attempt to get on to the rafts; and when they found the ship was still floating they went to work double tides.

At this point in the story we come across Mr. Fraser, the Scottish engineer, who, like all his countrymen, had been holding his trump card in reserve. He knew the *Sarah Sands* was built with a water-tight bulkhead behind the engine-room and the coal bunkers; and he proposed to cut through the decks above that bulkhead and drown out the fire by pumping water on it generously. Also, he pointed out that it would be as well to remove the coal in the bunkers, as the iron bulkhead was almost red-hot and the coal was catching light.

So volunteers dropped into the bunkers, each man for the minute or two that he could endure, and shoveled away the singeing, fuming fuel, and other volunteers were lowered with ropes into the bonfire aft, and when they could throw no more water on that they were hauled up half roasted.

Mr. Fraser's plan saved the ship, though every particle of wood in the after part of her was destroyed, and a bluish vapor hung over the red-hot iron beams and ties, and the sea for miles about looked like blood under the glare, as men pumped and passed water in buckets, flooding the burned-out stern, sluicing the bulkhead and damping the coal beyond the bulkhead all through the long night. The very sides of the

ship were red-hot, so that they wondered when the plates would buckle and wrench out the rivets and let the whole freight down to the sharks.

The mizzen-mast, as you know, had gone; the main-mast, though wrapped round with wet blankets, was alight, and everything abaft the main-mast was one red furnace. There was the constant danger of the ship, now broadside on to the heavy seas, falling off before the wind and leading the flames forward again. So they hailed the boats to tow and hold her head to wind; but only the gig obeyed. The others had all they could do to keep afloat; one of them had been swamped, though all the people were saved, and as for the long-boat full of mutinous seamen, she behaved infamously. One record says that "She not only held aloof, but consigned the ship and all she carried to perdition." So the *Sarah Sands* fought for her own life alone.

About three on the morning of the 12th of November, pumping, bucketing, sluicing, and damping, they began to hope that they had bested the fire. By nine o'clock they saw steam coming up instead of smoke, and at midday they called in the boats and took stock of the damage. From the mizzen-mast aft there was nothing that you could call ship except the mere shell of her. It was a steaming heap of scrap-iron with twenty feet of black, greasy water flooding across the bent and twisted beams and rods, and in the middle of it all, four huge water-tanks rolled to and fro, thundering against the naked iron sides.

Moreover — they could not see this till things had cooled down — the explosion of the powder had blown a hole right through the port quarter and every time she rolled the sea came in green. Of the four masts only one was left; and the rudder-head stuck up all bald and black and naked among the jam of collapsed deck-beams. The photograph

of the wreck looks exactly like that of a gutted theater after the flames and the firemen have done their worst.

They spent the whole of the 12th of November pumping water out of the ship as zealously as they had pumped it in; they lashed up the loose tanks somehow as soon as they were cool enough to touch; and they plugged the hole at the stern with hammocks, sails and planks and a sail over all. Then they rigged up a horizontal bar gripping the rudder-head. Six men sat on planks on one side of it and six at the other, hauling at the bar with ropes and letting go as they were told. That made as good a man-power steering gear as they could expect.

On the 13th of November, still pumping, they spread one sail on their solitary mast — you see now how lucky it was that the *Sarah Sands* had started with four of them — and took advantage of the trade winds to make for Mauritius. Captain Castles, with one chart and one compass, lived in a tent where some cabins had once stood, and at the end of twelve days he sighted land. Their average run was about four knots an hour; so it is no wonder that as soon as they were off Port Louis, Mauritius, Mr. Fraser, the Scottish engineer, wished to start his engines. I suppose it must have been a matter of professional honor with him not to arrive in port under sail alone. The troops looked down into the black hollow of the ship as the shaft made its first revolution shaking the hull horribly; and if you can realize what it means to be able to see a naked screw-shaft at work from the upper deck of a liner, you can realize what had happened to the *Sarah Sands*. They waited outside Port Louis for the daylight, and were nearly dashed to pieces on a coral reef. Then they came in without loss of a single life — very dirty, their clothes so charred that they hardly dared take them off, and very hungry. Port Louis gave them public banquets

in the market place, and the French inhabitants were fascinatingly polite, as only the French can be.

But the records say nothing of what befell the sailors who "consigned the ship to perdition." One account merely hints that "this was no time for retribution," but the troops had probably administered their own justice to these gentlemen during the twelve days' sail to Mauritius. The men who were berthed aft, the officers and the women lost everything they had; and the companies who had been berthed forward and so kept some kit lent them clothes and canvas to make clothing.

On the 20th of December they were all re-embarked from Mauritius on the *Clarendon*. It was poor accommodation for heroes. The *Clarendon* had been condemned as a coolie-ship, and was full of centipedes and other animals picked up in the Brazil trade. Her engines broke down frequently; and her captain died of exposure and anxiety during a hurricane. It was the 25th of January before she reached the mouth of the Hugli.

By this time — many men probably considered this quite as serious as the fire — the troops were out of tobacco, and when they came across the American ship, *Hamlet*, Captain Lecran, lying at Kedgeree on the way up the Hugli to Calcutta, the officers rowed over to ask if there was any tobacco for sale. They told the skipper the history of their adventures and he said: "Well, I'm glad you've come to me, because I *have* some tobacco. How many men are you?" "Three hundred," said the officers. Thereupon Captain Lecran got out four hundred pounds of best Cavendish as well as one thousand Manila cigars for the officers, and refused to take payment on the grounds that Americans did not accept anything from shipwrecked people. They were not shipwrecked at the time, but evidently they had been ship-

wrecked quite enough for Captain Lecran because when they rowed back a second time and tried to insist on paying for the tobacco he only gave them some more grog, "which," the record says, "caused it to be dark when we returned to our ship." After pipes were lit "our band played 'Yankee Doodle,' blue lights were burned, the signal-gun fired" — that must have been a lively evening at Kedgeree — "and everything in our power was had recourse to so as to convey to our American cousins our appreciation of their kindness."

Last of all the Commander-in-Chief issued a General Order to be read at the head of every regiment in the British Army. He was pleased to observe that "the behavior of the 54th Regiment was most praiseworthy, and by its result must render manifest to all the advantage of subordination and strict obedience to orders under the most alarming and dangerous circumstances in which soldiers can be placed."

That is the moral of my tale.

BROTHER SQUARE-TOES

IT WAS almost the end of their visit to the seaside. They had turned themselves out of doors while their trunks were being packed, and strolled over the Downs toward the dull evening sea. The tide was dead low under the chalk cliffs, and the little wrinkled waves grieved along the sands up the coast to Newhaven and down the coast to long, gray Brighton, whose smoke trailed out across the Channel.

They walked to The Gap where the cliff is only a few feet high. A windlass for hoisting shingle from the beach below stands at the edge of it. The Coastguard cottages are a little farther on, and an old ship's figure-head of a Turk in a turban stared at them over the wall.

"This time to-morrow we shall be at home, thank goodness," said Una. "I hate the sea!"

"I believe it's all right in the middle," said Dan. "The edges are the sorrowful parts."

Cordery, the coastguard, came out of the cottage, leveled his telescope at some fishing boats, shut it with a click and walked away. He grew smaller and smaller along the edge of the cliff, where neat piles of white chalk every few yards show the path even on the darkest night.

"Where's Cordery going?" said Una.

"Halfway to Newhaven," said Dan. "Then he'll meet the Newhaven coastguard and turn back. He says if coast-

guards were done away with smuggling would start up at once."

A voice on the beach under the cliff began to sing:

"The moon she shined on Telscombe Tye—
On Telscombe Tye at night it was—
She saw the smugglers riding by,
A very pretty sight it was!"

Feet scrabbled on the flinty path. A dark, thin-faced man in very neat brown clothes and broad-toed shoes came up, followed by Puck.

"Three Dunkirk boats was standin' in!"

the man went on.

"Hssh!" said Puck. "You'll shock these nice young people."

"Oh! Shall I? Mille pardons!" He shrugged his shoulders almost up to his ears — spread his hands abroad, and jabbered in French. "No comprenny?" he said. "I'll give it you in Low German." And he went off in another language, changing his voice and manner so completely that they hardly knew him for the same person. But his dark, beady-brown eyes still twinkled merrily in his lean face, and the children felt that they did not suit the straight, plain, snuffy-brown coat, brown knee-breeches and broad-brimmed hat. His hair was tied in a short pigtail which danced wickedly when he turned his head.

"Ha' done!" said Puck, laughing. "Be one thing or t'other, Pharaoh. French or English or German — no great odds which."

"Oh, but it is, though," said Una quickly. "We haven't begun German yet, and — and we're going back to our French next week."

"Aren't you English?" said Dan. "We heard you singing just now."

"Aha! That was the Sussex side o' me. Dad he married a French girl out o' Boulogne, and French she stayed till her dyin' day. She was an Aurette, of course. We Lees mostly marry Aurettes. Haven't you ever come across the saying:

"'Aurettes and Lees,
Like as two peas.
What they can't smuggle,
They'll run over seas?'"

"Then, are you a smuggler?" Una cried; and, "Have you smuggled much?" said Dan.

Mr. Lee nodded solemnly.

"Mind you," said he, "I don't uphold smuggling for the generality o' mankind — mostly they can't make a do of it — but I was brought up to the trade, d'ye see, in a lawful line o' descent on" — he waved across the Channel — "on both sides the water. 'Twas all in the families, same as fiddling. The Aurettes used mostly to run the stuff across the Boulogne, and we Lees landed it here and ran it up to London town, by the safest road."

"Then where did you live?" said Una.

"You mustn't ever live too close to your business in *our* trade. We kept our little fishing smack at Shoreham, but otherwise we Lees was all honest cottager folk — at Warminghurst under Washington — Bramber way — on the old Penn estate."

"Ah!" said Puck, squatted by the windlass. "I remember a piece about the Lees at Warminghurst, I do:

"'There was never a Lee to Warminghurst,
That wasn't a gipsy last and first.'

I reckon that's truth, Pharaoh."

Pharaoh laughed. "Admettin' that's true," he said, "my gipsy blood must be wore pretty thin, for I've made and kept a worldly fortune."

"By smuggling?" Dan asked.

"No, in the tobacco trade."

"You don't mean to say you gave up smuggling just to go and be a tobacconist?" Dan looked so disappointed they all had to laugh.

"I'm sorry; but there's all sorts of tobacconists," Pharaoh replied. "How far out, now, would you call that smack with the patch on her foresail?" He pointed to the fishing-boats.

"A scant mile," said Puck after a quick look.

"Just about. It's seven fathom under her — clean sand. That was where Uncle Aurette used to sink his brandy kegs from Boulogne, and we fished 'em up and rowed 'em into The Gap here for the ponies to run inland. One thickish night in January of '93, Dad and Uncle Lot and me came over from Shoreham in the smack, and we found Uncle Aurette and the L'Estranges, my cousins, waiting for us in their lugger with New Year's presents from mother's folk in Boulogne. I remember Aunt Cecile she'd sent me a fine new red knitted cap which I put on then and there, for the French was having their Revolution in those days, and red caps was all the fashion. Uncle Aurette tells us that they had cut off their King Louis's head, and, moreover, the Brest forts had fired on an English man-o'-war. The news wasn't a week old.

"'That means war again, when we was only just getting used to the peace,' says Dad. 'Why can't King George's men and King Louis's men don their uniforms and fight it out over our heads?'

"'Me too, I wish that,' says Uncle Aurette. 'But they'll

be pressing better men than themselves to fight for 'em. The press-gangs are out already on our side: you look out for yours.'

"'I'll have to bide ashore and grow cabbages for a while, after I've run this cargo; but I do wish' — Dad says, going over the lugger's side with our New Year presents under his arm and young L'Estrange holding the lantern — 'I just *do* wish that those folk which make war so easy had to run one cargo a month all this winter. It 'ud show 'em what honest work means.'

"'Well, I've warned ye,' says Uncle Aurette. 'I'll be slipping off now before your Revenue cutter comes. Give my love to sister and take care o' the kegs. It's thicking to southward.'

"I remember him waving to us and young Stephen L'Estrange blowing out the lantern. By the time we'd fished up the kegs, the fog came down so thick Dad judged it risky for me to row 'em ashore, even though we could hear the ponies stamping on the beach. So he and Uncle Lot took the dinghy and left me in the smack playing on my fiddle to guide 'em back.

"Presently I heard guns. Two of 'em sounded mighty like Uncle Aurette's three-pounders. He didn't go naked about the seas after dark. Then come more, which I reckoned was Captain Giddens in the Revenue cutter. He was open-handed with his compliments, but he *would* lay his guns himself. I stopped fiddling to listen, and I heard a whole skyful o' French up in the fog — and a high bow come down on top o' the smack. I hadn't time to call or think. I remember the smack heeling over, and me standing on the gunwale pushing against the ship's side as if I hoped to bear her off. Then the square of an open port, with a lantern in it, slid by in front of my nose. I kicked back on our

gunwale as it went under and slipped through that port into the French ship — me and my fiddle."

"Gracious!" said Una. "What an adventure!"

"Didn't anybody see you come in?" said Dan.

"There wasn't any one there. I'd made use of an orlop-deck port — that's the next deck below the gun-deck, which by rights it shouldn't have been open at all. The crew was standing by their guns up above. I rolled on to a pile of dunnage in the dark and I went to sleep. When I woke, men was talking all round me, telling each other their names and sorrows just like Dad told me pressed men used to talk in the last war. Pretty soon I made out they'd all been hove aboard together by the press-gangs, and left to sort 'emselves. The ship she was the *Embuscade*, a thirty-six gun Republican frigate, Captain Jean Baptiste Bompard, two days out of Le Havre, going to the United States with a Republican French Ambassador of the name of Genêt. They had been up all night clearing for action on account of hearing guns in the fog. Uncle Aurette and Captain Giddens must have been passing the time o' day with each other off Newhaven, and the frigate had drifted past 'em. She never knew she'd run down our smack. Seeing so many aboard was total strangers to each other, I thought one more mightn't be noticed; so I put Aunt Cecile's red cap on the back of my head, and my hands in my pockets like the rest, and, as we French say, I circulated till I found the galley.

"'What! Here's one of 'em that isn't sick!' says a cook. 'Take his breakfast to Citizen Bompard.'

"I carried the tray to the cabin but I didn't call this Bompard 'Citizen.' Oh, no! 'Mon Capitaine' was my little word, same as Uncle Aurette used to answer in King Louis' Navy. Bompard, he liked it; he took me on for cabin servant,

and after that no one asked questions; and thus I got good victuals and light work all the way across to America. He talked a heap of politics, and so did his officers; and when this Ambassador Genêt got rid of his land stomach and laid down the law after dinner, a rook's parliament was nothing compared to their cabin. I learned to know most of the men which had worked the French Revolution, through waiting at table and hearing talk about 'em. One of our forecas'le six-pounders was called Danton and t'other Marat. I used to play the fiddle between 'em, sitting on the capstan. Day in and day out, Bompard and Monsieur Genêt talked o' what France had done, and how the United States was going to join her to finish off the English in this war. Monsieur Genêt said he'd just about make the United States fight for France. He was a rude common man. But I liked listening. I always helped drink any healths that was proposed — specially Citizen Danton's, who'd cut off King Louis' head. An all-Englishman might have been shocked — but that's where my French blood saved me.

"It didn't save me from getting a dose of ship's fever though, the week before we put Monsieur Genêt ashore at Charleston; and what was left of me after bleeding and pills took the dumb horrors from living 'tween decks. The surgeon, Karaguen his name was, kept me down there to help him with his plasters — I was too weak to wait on Bompard. I don't remember much of any account for the next few weeks, till I smelled laylocks, and I looked out of the port, and we was moored to a wharf-edge and there was a town o' fine gardens and red-brick houses and all the green leaves in God's world waiting for me outside.

"'What's this?' I said to the sick-bay man — old Pierre Tiphaigne he was. 'Philadelphia,' says Pierre. 'You've missed it all. We're sailing next week.'

"I just turned round and cried for longing to be amongst the laylocks.

"'If that's your trouble,' says old Pierre, 'you go straight ashore. None'll hinder you. They're all gone mad on these coasts — French and American together. 'Tisn't *my* notion o' war.' Pierre was an old King Louis man.

"My legs was pretty tottly, but I made shift to go on deck, which it was like a fair. The frigate was crowded with fine gentlemen and ladies pouring in and out. They sung and they waved French flags, while Captain Bompard and his officers — yes, and some of the men — speechified to all and sundry about war with England. They shouted, 'Down with England!' — 'Down with Washington!' — Hurrah for France and the Republic!' *I* couldn't make sense of it. I wanted to get out from that crunch of swords and petticoats and sit in a field. One of the gentlemen said to me, 'Is that a genuine cap o' Liberty you're wearing?' 'Twas Aunt Cecile's red one, and pretty near wore out. 'Oh, yes!' I says, 'straight from France.' 'I'll give you a shilling for it,' he says, and with that money in my hand and my fiddle under my arm I squeezed past the entry-port and went ashore. It was like a dream — meadows, trees, flowers, birds, houses and people *all* different! I sat me down in a meadow and fiddled a bit, and then I went in and out the streets, looking and smelling and touching, like a little dog at a fair. Fine folk was setting on the white stone doorsteps of their houses, and a girl threw me a handful of laylock sprays, and when I said 'Merci' without thinking, she said she loved the French. They was all the fashion in the city. I saw more tricolor flags in Philadelphia than ever I'd seen in Boulogne, and every one was shouting for war with England. A crowd o' folk was cheering after our French ambassador — that same Monsieur Genêt which we'd left at Charleston. He was

a-horseback behaving as if the place belonged to him — and commanding all and sundry to fight the British. But I'd heard that often. I got into a long straight street as wide as the Broyle, where gentlemen was racing horses. I'm fond o' horses. Nobody hindered 'em, and a man told me it was called Race Street o' purpose for that. Then I followed some black niggers, which I'd never seen close before; but I left them to run after a great, proud, copper-faced man with feathers in his hair and a red blanket trailing behind him. A man told me he was a real Red Indian called Red Jacket, and I followed him into an alley-way off Race Street by Second Street, where there was a fiddle playing. I'm fond o' fiddling. The Indian stopped at a baker's shop — Conrad Gerhard's it was — and bought some sugary cakes. Hearing what the price was I was going to have some too, but the Indian asked me in English if I was hungry. 'Oh, yes!' I says. I must have looked a sore scrattel. He opens a door on to a staircase and leads the way up. We walked into a dirty little room full of flutes and fiddles and a fat man fiddling by the window, in a smell of cheese and medicines fit to knock you down. I *was* knocked down too, for the fat man jumped up and hit me a smack in the face. I fell against an old spinet covered with pill-boxes, and the pills rolled about the floor. The Indian never moved an eyelid.

"'Pick up the pills! Pick up the pills!' the fat man screeches.

"I started picking 'em up — hundreds of 'em — meaning to run out under the Indian's arm, but I came on giddy all over and I sat down. The fat man went back to his fiddling.

"'Toby!' says the Indian after quite a while. 'I brought the boy to be fed, not hit.'

"'What?' says Toby. 'I thought it was Gert Schwank-

felder.' He put down his fiddle and took a good look at me. 'Himmel!' he says. 'I have hit the wrong boy. It is not the new boy. Why are you not the new boy? Why are you not Gert Schwankfelder?'

"'I don't know,' I said. 'The gentleman in the pink blanket brought me.'

"Says the Indian, 'He is hungry, Toby. Christians always feed the hungry. So I bring him.'

'"You should have said that first,' said Toby. He pushed plates at me and the Indian put bread and pork on them, and a glass of Madeira wine. I told him I was off the French ship, which I had joined on account of my mother being French. That was true enough when you think of it, and besides I saw that the French was all the fashion in Philadelphia. Toby and the Indian whispered and I went on picking up the pills.

"'You like pills — eh?' says Toby.

"'No,' I says. 'I've seen our ship's doctor roll too many of 'em.'

"'Ho!' he says and he shoves two bottles at me. 'What's those?'

"'Calomel,' I says. 'And t'other's senna.'

"'Right,' he says. 'One week have I tried to teach Gert Schwankfelder the difference between them, yet he cannot tell. You like to fiddle?' he says. He'd just seen my kit on the floor.

"'Oh, yes!' says I.

"'Oho!' he says. 'What note is this?' drawing his bow acrost.

"He meant it for A, so I told him it was.

"'My brother,' he says to the Indian. 'I think this is the hand of Providence! I warned that Gert if he went to play upon the wharves any more he would hear from me. Now look at this boy and say what you think.'

"The Indian looked me over whole minutes — there was a musical clock on the wall, and dolls came out and hopped while the hour struck. He looked me over all the while they did it.

"'Good,' he says at last. 'This boy is good.'

"'Good, then,' says Toby. 'Now I shall play my fiddle and you shall sing your hymn, brother. Boy, go down to the bakery and tell them you are young Gert Schwankfelder that was. The horses are in Davy Jones's locker. If you ask any questions you shall hear from me.'

"I left 'em singing hymns and I went down to old Conrad Gerhard. He wasn't at all surprised when I told him I was young Gert Schwankfelder that was. He knew Toby. His wife she walked me into the back yard without a word, and she washed me and she cut my hair to the edge of a basin, and she put me to bed, and oh! how I slept — how I slept in that little room behind the oven looking on the flower garden! I didn't know Toby went to the *Embuscade* that night and bought me off Doctor Karaguen for twelve dollars and a dozen bottles of Seneca Oil. Karaguen wanted a new lace to his coat, and he reckoned I hadn't long to live; so he put me down as 'discharged sick.'"

"I like Toby," said Una.

"Who was he?" said Puck.

"Apothecary Tobias Hirte," Pharaoh replied. "One Hundred and Eighteen, Second Street — the famous Seneca Oil man, that lived half of every year among the Indians. But let me tell my tale my own way, same as his brown mare used to go to Lebanon."

"Then why did he keep her in Davy Jones's locker?" Dan asked.

"That was his joke. He kept her under David Jones's hat shop in the 'Buck' tavern yard, and his Indian friends kept their ponies there when they visited him. I looked

after the horses, when I wasn't rolling pills on top of the old spinet while he played his fiddle and Red Jacket sang hymns. I liked it. I had good victuals, light work, a suit o' clean clothes, a plenty music, and quiet, smiling German folk all around that let me sit in their gardens. My first Sunday Toby took me to his church in Moravian Alley; and that was in a garden too. The women wore long-eared caps and handkerchiefs. They came in at one door and the men at another, and there was a brass chandeller you could see your face in and a nigger-boy to blow the organ-bellows. I carried Toby's fiddle and he played pretty much as he chose all against the organ and the singing. He was the only one they let do it, for they was a simple-minded folk. They used to wash each other's feet up in the attic to keep 'emselves humble: which Lord knows they didn't need."

"How very queer," said Una.

Pharaoh's eyes twinkled. "I've met many and seen much," he said. "But I haven't yet found any better or quieter or forbearinger people than the Brethren and Sistern of the Moravian Church in Philadelphia. Nor will I ever forget my first Sunday — the service was in English that week — with the smell of the flowers coming in from Pastor Meder's garden where the big peach tree is, and me looking at all the clean strangeness and thinking of 'tween decks on the *Embuscade* only six days ago. Being a boy, it seemed to me it had lasted forever, and was going on forever. But I didn't know Toby then. As soon as the dancing clock struck midnight that Sunday — I was lying under the spinet — I heard Toby's fiddle. He'd just done his supper which he always took late and heavy. 'Gert,' says he, 'get the horses. Liberty and Independence for ever! The flowers appear upon the earth and the time of the singing of birds is come. We are going to my country seat in Lebanon.'

"I rubbed my eyes, and fetched 'em out of the 'Buck' stable. Red Jacket was there saddling his, and when I'd packed the saddle-bags we three rode up Race Street to the Ferry by starlight. So we went traveling. It's a kindly, softly country there, back of Philadelphia among the German towns, Lancaster way. Little houses and bursting big barns, fat cattle, fat women, and all as peaceful as Heaven might be if they farmed there. Toby sold medicines out of his saddle-bags, and gave the French war-news to folk along the roads. Him and his long-hilted umberell was as well known as the stage coaches. He took orders for that famous Seneca Oil which he had the secret of from Red Jacket's Indians, and he slept in friends' farmhouses, but he *would* shut all the windows: so Red Jacket and me slept outside. There's nothing to hurt except snakes — and they slip away quick enough if you thrash in the bushes."

"I'd have liked that!" said Dan.

"I'd no fault to find with those days. In the cool o' the morning the catbird sings. He's something to listen to. And there's a smell of wild grape-vine growing in damp hollows which you drop into, after long rides in the heat, which is beyond compare for sweetness. So's the puffs out of the pine woods of afternoons. Come sundown, the frogs strike up, and later on the fireflies dance in the corn. Oh, me, the fireflies in the corn! We were a week or ten days on the road, tacking from one place to another — such as Lancaster, Bethlehem-Ephrata — 'thou Bethlehem-Ephrata' — no odds — I loved the going about: and so we jogged into dozy little Lebanon by the Blue Mountains where Toby had a cottage and a garden of all fruits. He came north every year for this wonderful Seneca Oil the Seneca Indians made for him. They'd never sell to any one else, and he doctored 'em with von Swieten pills which they valued more than their own

oil. He could do what he chose with them, and, of course, he tried to make them Moravians. The Senecas are a seemly, quiet people, and they'd had trouble enough from white men — Americans and English — during the wars to keep 'em in that walk. They lived on a Reservation by themselves, away off on the lake. Toby took me up there, and they treated me as if I was their own blood brother. Red Jacket said the mark of my bare feet in the dust was just like an Indian's and my style of walking was similar. I know I took to their ways all over."

"Maybe the gipsy drop in your blood helped you?" said Puck.

"Sometimes I think it did," Pharaoh went on. "Anyhow Red Jacket and Cornplanter, the other Senaca chief, they let me be adopted into the tribe. It's only a compliment, of course, but Toby was angry when I showed up with my face painted. They gave me a side-name which means 'Two Tongues' because, d'ye see, I talked French and English.

"They had their own opinions (*I*'ve heard 'em) about the French and the English, *and* the Americans. They'd suffered from all of 'em during the wars, and they only wished to be left alone. But they thought a heap of the President of the United States. Cornplanter had had dealings with him in some French wars out West when General Washington was only a lad. His being President afterward made no odds to 'em. They always called him Big Hand, for he was a large-fisted man, and he was all of their notion of a white chief. Cornplanter 'ud sweep his blanket round him, and after I'd filled his pipe he'd begin — 'In the old days, long ago, when braves were many and blankets were few, Big Hand said ——' If Red Jacket agreed to the say-so he'd trickle a little smoke out of the corners of his

mouth. If he didn't he'd blow through his nostrils. Then Cornplanter 'ud stop and Red Jacket 'ud take on. Red Jacket was the better talker of the two. I've laid and listened to 'em for hours. Oh! they knew General Washington well. Cornplanter used to meet him at Epply's — the great dancing place in the city before District Marshal William Nichols bought it. They told me he was always glad to see 'em, and he'd hear 'em out to the end if they had anything on their minds. They had a good deal in those days. I came at it by degrees, after I was adopted into the tribe. The talk up in Lebanon and everywhere else that summer was about the French war with England and whether the United States 'ud join in with France or make a peace treaty with England. Toby wanted peace so as he could go about the Reservation buying his oils. But most of the white men wished for war, and they was angry because the President wouldn't give the sign for it. The newspaper said men was burning Guy Fawkes images of General Washington and yelling after him in the streets of Philadelphia. You'd have been astonished what those two fine old chiefs knew of the ins and outs of such matters. The little I've learned of politics I picked up from Cornplanter and Red Jacket on the Reservation. Toby used to read the *Aurora* newspaper. He was what they call a 'Democrat,' though our Church is against the Brethren concerning themselves with politics."

"I hate politics, too," said Una, and Pharaoh laughed.

"I might ha' guessed it," he said. "But here's something that isn't politics. One hot evening late in August Toby was reading the newspaper on the stoop and Red Jacket was smoking under a peach tree and I was fiddling. Of a sudden Toby drops his *Aurora*.

"'I am an oldish man, too fond of my own comforts,' he says. 'I will go to the church which is in Philadelphia.

My brother, lend me a spare pony. I must be there to-morrow night.'

"'Good!' says Red Jacket, looking at the sun. 'My brother shall be there. I will ride with him and bring back the ponies.'

"I went to pack the saddle-bags. Toby had cured me of asking questions. He stopped my fiddling, if I did. Besides, Indians don't ask questions much, and I wanted to be like 'em.

"When the horses were ready I jumped up.

"'Get off,' says Toby. 'Stay and mind the cottage till I come back. The Lord has laid this on me. not on you. I wish He hadn't.'

"He powders off down the Lancaster road, and I sat on the doorstep wondering after him. When I picked up the paper to wrap his fiddle-strings in I spelled out a piece about the yellow fever being in Philadelphia so dreadful every one was running away. I was scared, for I was fond of Toby. We never said much to each other, but we fiddled together; and music's as good as talking to them that understand."

"Did Toby die of yellow fever?" Una asked.

"Not him! There's justice left in the world still! He went down to the city and bled 'em well again in heaps. He sent back word by Red Jacket that, if there was war, or he died, I was to bring the oils along to the city, but till then I was to go on working in the garden and Red Jacket was to see me do it. Down at heart, all Indians reckon digging a squaw's business, and neither him nor Cornplanter, when he relieved watch, was a hard task-master. We hired a nigger-boy to do our work, and a lazy, grinning runagate he was. When I found Toby didn't die the minute he reached town, why, boylike, I took him off my mind and went with my Indians again. Oh, those days up north at Canasedago,

running races and gambling with the Senecas, or bee-hunting in the woods, or fishing in the lake!" Pharaoh sighed and looked across the water. "But it's best," he went on suddenly, "after the first frosts. You roll out o' your blanket and find every leaf left green over night, turned red and yellow, not by trees at a time, but hundreds and hundreds of miles of 'em, like sunsets splattered upside down. On one of such days — the maples was flaming scarlet and gold, and the sumach bushes were redder — Cornplanter and Red Jacket came out in full war-dress, making the very leaves look silly. Feathered war-bonnets, yellow doe-skin leggings, fringed and tasseled, red horse-blankets, and their bridles feathered and shelled and beaded no bounds. I thought it was war against the British till I saw their faces weren't painted, and they only carried wrist-whips. Then I hummed 'Yankee Doodle' at 'em. They told me they was going to visit Big Hand and find out for sure whether he meant to join the French in fighting the English or make a peace treaty with England. I reckon those two would ha' gone out on the warpath at a nod from Big Hand, but they knew well, if there was war 'twixt England and the United States, their tribe 'ud catch it from both parties same as in all the other wars. They asked me to come along and hold the ponies. That puzzled me, because they always put their ponies up at the 'Buck' or Epply's when they went to see General Washington in the city, and horse-holding is a nigger's job. Besides, I wasn't exactly dressed for it."

"D'you mean you were dressed like an Indian?" Dan demanded.

Pharaoh looked a little abashed. "This didn't happen at Lebanon," he said, "but a bit farther north, on the Reservation; and at that particular moment of time, so far as blanket, hair-band, moccasins and sunburn went, there wasn't

much odds 'twix me and a young Seneca buck. You may laugh," he smoothed down his long-skirted brown coat. "But I told you I took to their ways all over. I said nothing, though I was bursting to let out the war-whoop like the young men had taught me."

"No, and you don't let out one here, either," said Puck before Dan could ask. "Go on, Brother Square-toes."

"We went on." Pharaoh's narrow dark eyes gleamed and danced. "We went on — forty, fifty miles a day, for days on end — we three braves. And how a great tall Indian a-horseback can carry his war-bonnet at a canter through thick timber without brushing a feather beats *me!* My silly head was banged often enough by low branches, but *they* slipped through like running elks. We had evening hymn-singing every night after they'd blown their pipe-smoke to the quarters of Heaven. Where did we go? I'll tell you, but don't blame me if you're no wiser. We took the old war-trail from the end of the Lake along the East Susquehanna through the Nantego country, right down to Fort Shamokin on the Senachse River. We crossed the Juniata by Fort Granville, got into Shippensberg over the hills by the Ochwick trail, and then to Williams Ferry (it's a bad one). From Williams Ferry, across the Shanedore, over the Blue Mountains, through Ashby's Gap, and so southeast by south from there, till we found the President at the back of his own plantations. I'd hate to be trailed by Indians in earnest. They caught him like a partridge on a stump. After we'd left our ponies, we scouted forward through a woody piece and, creeping slower and slower, at last if my moccasins even slipped Red Jacket 'ud turn and frown. I heard voices — Monsieur Genêt's for choice — long before I saw anything, and we pulled up at the edge of a clearing where some niggers in gray and red liveries were holding horses,

and half-a-dozen gentlemen — but one was Genêt — were talking among felled timber. I fancy they'd come to see Genêt a piece on his road, for his portmantle was with him. I hid in between two logs as near to the company as I be to that old windlass there. I didn't need anybody to show me Big Hand. He stood up, very still, his legs a little apart, listening to Genêt, that French Ambassador, which never had more manners than a Bosham tinker. Genêt was as good as ordering him to declare war on England at once. I had heard that clack before on the *Embuscade*. He said he'd stir up the whole United States to have war with England, whether Big Hand liked it or not.

"Big Hand heard him out to the last end. I looked behind me and my two chiefs had vanished like smoke. Says Big Hand, 'That is very forcibly put, Monsieur Genêt ——' 'Citizen — citizen!' the fellow spits in. '*I*, at least, am a Republican!' 'Citizen Genêt,' he says, 'you may be sure it will receive my fullest consideration.' This seemed to take Citizen Genêt back a piece. He rode off grumbling, and never gave his nigger a penny. No gentleman!

"The others all assembled round Big Hand then, and, in their way, they said pretty much what Genêt had said. They put it to him, here was France and England at war, in a manner of speaking, right across the United States' stomach, and paying no regards to any one. The French was searching American ships on pretence they was helping England, but really for to steal the goods. The English was doing the same, only t'other way round; and besides, searching, they was pressing American citizens into their navy to help them fight France, on pretence that those Americans was lawful British subjects. His gentlemen put this very clear to Big Hand. It didn't look to *them*, they said, as though the United States trying to keep out of the fight

was any advantage to *her*, because she only catched it from both French and English. They said that nine out of ten good Americans was crazy to fight the English then and there. They wouldn't say whether that was right or wrong, they only wanted Big Hand to turn it over in his mind. He did — for a while. I saw Red Jacket and Cornplanter watching him from the far side of the clearing, and how they had slipped round there was another mystery. Then Big Hand drew himself up, and he let his gentlemen have it."

"Hit 'em?" Dan asked.

"No, nor yet was it what you might call swearing. He — he blasted 'em with his natural speech. He asked them half a dozen times over whether the United States had enough armed ships for any shape or sort of war with any one. He asked 'em, if they thought she *had* those ships, to *give* him those ships, and they looked on the ground, as if they expected to find 'em *there*. He put it to 'em whether, setting ships aside, their country — I reckon he gave 'em good reasons — whether the United States was ready or able to face a new big war; she having but so few years back wound up one against England, and being all holds full of her own troubles. As I said, the strong way he laid it all before 'em blasted 'em, and when he'd done it was like a still in the woods after a storm. A little man — but they all looked little — pipes up like a young rook in a blowed-down nest, 'Nevertheless, General, it seems you will be compelled to fight England.' Quick Big Hand wheels on him, 'And is there anything in my past which makes you think I am averse to fighting Great Britain?'

"Everybody laughed except him. 'Oh, General, you mistake us entirely!' they says. 'I trust so,' he says. 'But I know my duty. We *must* have peace with England.'

"'At any price?' says the man with the rook's voice.

"Then they made the sign which no Indian makes outside of the Medicine Lodges."

"'At any price,' says he word by word. 'Our ships will be searched — our citizens will be pressed, but ——'

"'Then what about the Declaration of Independence?' says one.

"'Deal with facts, not fancies,' says Big Hand. 'The United States are in no position to fight England.'

"'But think of public opinion,' another one starts up. 'The feeling in Philadelphia alone is at fever heat.'

"He held up one of his big hands. 'Gentlemen,' he says — slow he spoke, but his voice carried far — 'I have to think of our country. Let me assure you that the treaty with Great Britain will be made though every city in the Union burn me in effigy.'

"'At any price?' the actor-like chap keeps on croaking.

"'The treaty must be made on Great Britain's own terms. What else can I do?'

"He turns his back on 'em and they looked at each other and slinked off to the horses, leaving him alone: and then I saw he was an old man. Then Red Jacket and Cornplanter rode down the clearing from the far end as though they had just chanced along. Back went Big Hand's shoulders, up went his head and he stepped forward one single pace with a great deep Hough! so pleased he was. That was a state-lified meeting to behold — three big men, and two of 'em looking like jeweled images among the spattle of gay-colored leaves. I saw my chiefs' war-bonnets sinking together, down and down. Then they made the sign which no Indian makes outside of the Medicine Lodges — a sweep of the right hand just clear of the dust and an inbend of the left knee at the same time, and those proud eagle feathers almost touched his boot-top."

"What did it mean?" said Dan.

"Mean!" Pharaoh cried. "Why it's what you — what we — it's the Sachems' way of sprinkling the sacred corn-meal

in front of — Oh! it's a piece of Indian compliment really, and it signifies that you are a very big chief.

"Big Hand looked down on 'em. First he says quite softly, 'My brothers know it is not easy to be a chief.' Then his voice grew. 'My children,' says he, 'what is in your minds?'

"Says Cornplanter, 'We came to ask whether there will be war with King George's men, but we have heard what our Father has said to his chiefs. We will carry away that talk in our hearts to tell to our people.'

"'No,' says Big Hand. 'Leave all that talk behind — it was between white men only — but take this message from *me* to your people — "There will be no war."'

"His gentlemen were waiting so they didn't delay him; only Cornplanter says, using his old side-name, 'Big Hand, did you see us among the timber just now?'

"'Surely,' says he. '*You* taught me to look behind trees when we were both young.' And with that he cantered off.

"Neither of my chiefs spoke till we were back on our ponies again and a half-hour along the home trail. Then Cornplanter says to Red Jacket, 'We will have the corn dance this year. There will be no war.' And that was all there was to it."

Pharaoh stood up as though he had finished.

"Yes," said Puck, rising too. "And what came out of it in the long run?"

"Let me get at my story my own way," was the answer. "Look! It's later than I thought. That Shoreham smack's thinking of her supper."

The children looked across the darkening Channel. A smack had hoisted a lantern and slowly moved west where Brighton pier lights ran out in a twinkling line. When they turned round, The Gap was empty behind them.

"I expect they've packed our trunks by now," said Dan. "This time to-morrow we'll be home."

PHILADELPHIA

IF YOU'RE off to Philadelphia in the morning,
You mustn't take my stories for a guide.
There's little left, indeed, of the city you will read of,
And all the folk I write about have died.
Now few will understand if you mention Talleyrand,
Or remember what his cunning and his skill did;
And the cabmen at the wharf do not know Count Zinnendorf,
Nor the Church in Philadelphia he builded.

It is gone, gone, gone with lost Atlantis
(Never say I didn't give you warning).
In Seventeen Ninety-three 'twas there for all to see,
But it's not in Philadelphia this morning.

If you're off to Philadelphia in the morning,
You mustn't go by everything I've said.
Bob Bicknell's Southern Stages have been laid aside for ages,
But the Limited will take you there instead.
Toby Hirte can't be seen at One Hundred and Eighteen,
North Second Street — no matter when you call;
And I fear you'll search in vain for the wash-house down the lane
Where Pharaoh played the fiddle at the ball.

It is gone, gone, gone with Thebes the Golden
(Never say I didn't give you warning).
In Seventeen Ninety-four 'twas a famous dancing floor —
But it's not in Philadelphia this morning.

If you're off to Philadelphia in the morning,
You must telegraph for rooms at some hotel.
You needn't try your luck at Epply's or the "Buck,"
Though the Father of his Country liked them well.
It is not the slightest use to inquire for Adam Goos,
Or to ask where Pastor Meder has removed — so
You must treat as out of date the story I relate,
Of the Church in Philadelphia he loved so.

He is gone, gone, gone with Martin Luther
(Never say I didn't give you warning).
In Seventeen Ninety-five he was (rest his soul!) alive
But he's not in Philadelphia this morning.

If you're off to Philadelphia this morning,
And wish to prove the truth of what I say,
I pledge my word you'll find the pleasant land behind
Unaltered since Red Jacket rode that way.
Still the pine-woods scent the noon; still the catbird sings his tune;
Still autumn sets the maple-forest blazing.
Still the grape-vine through the dusk flings her soul-compelling musk;
Still the fireflies in the corn make night amazing!

They are there, there, there with Earth immortal,
(Citizens, I give you friendly warning).
The things that truly last when men and times have passed,
They are all in Pennsylvania this morning!

.007

A LOCOMOTIVE is, next to a marine engine, the most sensitive thing man ever made, and No. .007, besides being sensitive, was new. The red paint was hardly dry on his spotless bumper-bar, his headlight shone like a fireman's helmet, and his cab might have been a hard-wood-finish parlor. They had run him into the round-house after his trial — he had said good-bye to his best friend in the shops, the overhead traveling-crane — the big world was just outside; and the other locos were taking stock of him. He looked at the semicircle of bold, unwinking head-lights, heard the low purr and mutter of the steam mounting in the gauges — scornful hisses of contempt as a slack valve lifted a little — and would have given a month's oil for leave to crawl through his own driving-wheels into the brick ash-pit beneath him. .007 was an eight-wheeled "American" loco, slightly different from others of his type, and as he stood he was worth ten thousand dollars on the Company's books. But if you had bought him at his own valuation, after half an hour's waiting in the darkish, echoing round-house, you would have saved exactly nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine dollars and ninety-eight cents.

A heavy Mogul freight, with a short cow-catcher and a fire-box that came down within three inches of the rail, began the impolite game, speaking to a Pittsburgh Consolidation, who was visiting.

"Where did this thing blow in from?" he asked, with a dreamy puff of light steam.

"It's all I can do to keep track of our makes," was the answer, "without lookin' after *your* back-numbers. Guess it's something Peter Cooper left over when he died."

.007 quivered; his steam was getting up, but he held his tongue. Even a hand-car knows what sort of locomotive it was that Peter Cooper experimented upon in the far-away Thirties. It carried its coal and water in two apple-barrels, and was not much bigger than a bicycle.

Then up and spoke a small, newish switching engine, with a little step in front of his bumper-timber, and his wheels so close together that he looked like a broncho getting ready to buck.

"Something's wrong with the road when a Pennsylvania gravel-pusher tells us anything about our stock, *I* think. That kid's all right. Eustis designed him, and Eustis designed me. Ain't that good enough?"

.007 could have carried the switching-loco round the yard in his tender, but he felt grateful for even this little word of consolation.

"We don't use hand-cars on the Pennsylvania," said the Consolidation. "That — er — peanut-stand's old enough and ugly enough to speak for himself."

"He hasn't bin spoken to yet. He's bin spoke *at*. Hain't ye any manners on the Pennsylvania?" said the switching-loco.

"You ought to be in the yard, Poney," said the Mogul, severely. "We're all long-haulers here."

"That's what you think," the little fellow replied. "You'll know more 'fore the night's out. I've bin down to Track 17, and the freight there — oh, Christmas!"

"I've trouble enough in my own division," said a lean,

light suburban loco with very shiny brake-shoes. "My commuters wouldn't rest till they got a parlor-car. They've hitched it back of all, and it hauls worse'n a snow-plough. I'll snap her off some day sure, and then they'll blame every one except their foolselves. They'll be askin' me to haul a vestibuled next!"

"They made you in New Jersey, didn't they?" said Poney. "Thought so. Commuters and truck-wagons ain't any sweet haulin', but I tell *you* they're a heap better'n cuttin' out refrigerator-cars or oil-tanks. Why, I've hauled ——"

"Haul! You?" said the Mogul, contemptuously. "It's all you can do to bunt a cold-storage car up the yard. Now, I" — he paused a little to let the words sink in — "I handle the Flying Freight —e-leven cars worth just anything you please to mention. On the stroke of eleven I pull out; and I'm timed for thirty-five an hour. Costly — perishable — fragile — immediate — that's me! Suburban traffic's only but one degree better than switching. Express freight's what pays."

"Well, I ain't given to blowing, as a rule," began the Pittsburgh Consolidation.

"No? You was sent in here because you grunted on the grade," Poney interrupted.

"Where I grunt, you'd lie down, Poney: but, as I was saying, I don't blow much. Notwithstandin', *if* you want to see freight that is freight moved lively, you should see me warbling through the Alleghanies with thirty-seven ore-cars behind me, and my brakemen fightin' tramps so 's they can't attend to my tooter. I have to do all the holdin' back then, and, though I say it, I've never had a load get away from me yet. *No*, sir. Haulin' 's one thing, but judgment and discretion's another. You want judgment in my business."

"Ah! But — but are you not paralyzed by a sense of your overwhelming responsibilities?" said a curious, husky voice from a corner.

"Who's that?" .007 whispered to the Jersey commuter.

"Compound — experiment — N. G. She's bin switchin' in the B. & A. yards for six months, when she wasn't in the shops. She's economical (*I* call it mean) in her coal, but she takes it out in repairs. Ahem! I presume you found Boston somewhat isolated, madam, after your New York season?"

"I am never so well occupied as when I am alone." The Compound seemed to be talking from halfway up her smoke-stack.

"Sure," said the irreverent Poney, under his breath. "They don't hanker after her any in the yard."

"But, with my constitution and temperament — my work lies in Boston — I find your *outrecuidance* ——"

"Outer which?" said the Mogul freight. "Simple cylinders are good enough for me."

"Perhaps I should have said *faroucherie*," hissed the Compound.

"I don't hold with any make of papier-mâché wheel," the Mogul insisted.

The Compound sighed pityingly, and said no more.

"Git 'em all shapes in this world, don't ye?" said Poney. "That's Mass'chusetts all over. They half start, an' then they stick on a dead-center, an' blame it all on other folk's ways o' treatin' them. Talkin' o' Boston, Comanche told me, last night, he had a hot-box just beyond the Newtons, Friday. That was why, *he* says, the Accommodation was held up. Made out no end of a tale, Comanche did."

"If I'd heard that in the shops, with my boiler out for repairs, I'd know 'twas one o' Comanche's lies," the New

Jersey commuter snapped. "Hot-box! Him! What happened was they'd put an extra car on, and he just lay down on the grade and squealed. They had to send 127 to help him through. Made it out a hot-box, did he? Time before that he said he was ditched! Looked me square in the headlight and told me that as cool as — as a water-tank in a cold wave. Hot-box! You ask 127 about Comanche's hot-box. Why, Comanche he was side-tracked, and 127 (*he* was just about as mad as they make 'em on account o' being called out at ten o'clock at night) took hold and snapped her into Boston in seventeen minutes. Hot-box! Hot fraud! That's what Comanche is."

Then .007 put both drivers and his pilot into it, as the saying is, for he asked what sort of thing a hot-box might be?

"Paint my bell sky-blue!" said Poney, the switcher. "Make me a surface-railroad loco with a hard-wood skirtin'-board round my wheels. Break me up and cast me into five-cent sidewalk-fakers' mechanical toys! Here's an eight-wheel coupled 'American' don't know what a hot-box is! Never heard of an emergency-stop either, did ye? Don't know what ye carry jack-screws for? You're too innocent to be left alone with your own tender. Oh, you — you flat-car!"

There was a roar of escaping steam before any one could answer, and .007 nearly blistered his paint off with pure mortification.

"A hot-box," began the Compound, picking and choosing her words as though they were coal, "a hot-box is the penalty exacted from inexperience by haste. Ahem!"

"Hot-box!" said the Jersey Suburban. "It's the price you pay for going on the tear. It's years since I've had one. It's a disease that don't attack short-haulers, as a rule."

"We never have hot-boxes on the Pennsylvania," said

the Consolidation. "They get 'em in New York — same as nervous prostration."

"Ah, go home on a ferry-boat," said the Mogul. "You think because you use worse grades than our road 'u'd allow, you're a kind of Alleghany angel. Now, I'll tell you what you . . . Here's my folk. Well, I can't stop. See you later, perhaps."

He rolled forward majestically to the turn-table, and swung like a man-of-war in a tideway, till he picked up his track. "But as for you, you pea-green swivelin' coffee-pot (this to .007), you go out and learn something before you associate with those who've made more mileage in a week than you'll roll up in a year. Costly — perishable — fragile — immediate — that's me! S'long."

"Split my tubes if that's actin' polite to a new member o' the Brotherhood," said Poney. "There wasn't any call to trample on ye like that. But manners was left out when Moguls was made. Keep up your fire, kid, an' burn your own smoke. 'Guess we'll all be wanted in a minute."

Men were talking rather excitedly in the round-house. One man, in a dingy jersey, said that he hadn't any locomotives to waste on the yard. Another man, with a piece of crumpled paper in his hand, said that the yard-master said that he was to say that if the other man said anything, he (the other man) was to shut his head. Then the other man waved his arms, and wanted to know if he was expected to keep locomotives in his hip-pocket. Then a man in a black Prince Albert, without a collar, came up dripping, for it was a hot August night, and said that what *he* said went; and between the three of them the locomotives began to go too — first the Compound; then the Consolidation; then .007.

Now, deep down in his fire-box, .007 had cherished a hope that as soon as his trial was done, he would be led forth

with songs and shoutings, and attached to a green-and-chocolate vestibuled flier, under charge of a bold and noble engineer, who would pat him on his back, and weep over him, and call him his Arab steed. (The boys in the shops where he was built used to read wonderful stories of railroad life, and .007 expected things to happen as he had heard.) But there did not seem to be many vestibuled fliers in the roaring, rumbling, electric-lighted yards, and his engineer only said: "Now, what sort of a fool-sort of an injector has Eustis loaded on to this rig this time?" And he put the lever over with an angry snap, crying: "Am I supposed to switch with this thing, hey?"

The collarless man mopped his head, and replied that, in the present state of the yard and freight and a few other things, the engineer would switch and keep on switching till the cows came home. .007 pushed out gingerly, his heart in his headlight, so nervous that the clang of his own bell almost made him jump the track. Lanterns waved, or danced up and down before and behind him; and on every side, six tracks deep, sliding backward and forward, with clashings of couplers and squeals of hand-brakes, were cars — more cars than .007 had dreamed of. There were oil-cars, and hay-cars, and stock-cars full of lowing beasts, and ore-cars, and potato-cars with stovepipe-ends sticking out in the middle; cold-storage and refrigerator cars dripping iced-water on the tracks; ventilated fruit- and milk-cars; flat-cars with truck-wagons full of market-stuff; flat-cars loaded with reapers and binders, all red and green and gilt under the sizzling electric lights; flat-cars piled high with strong-scented hides, pleasant hemlock-plank, or bundles of shingles; flat-cars creaking to the weight of thirty-ton castings, angle-irons, and rivet-boxes for some new bridge; and hundreds and hundreds and hundreds of box-cars loaded, locked, and chalked.

Men — hot and angry — crawled among and between and under the thousand wheels; men took flying jumps through his cab, when he halted for a moment; men sat on his pilot as he went forward, and on his tender as he returned; and regiments of men ran along the tops of the box-cars beside him, screwing down brakes, waving their arms, and crying curious things.

He was pushed forward a foot at a time; whirled backward, his rear drivers clinking and clanking, a quarter of a mile; jerked into a switch (yard-switches are very stubby and unaccommodating), bunted into a Red D, or Merchant's Transport car, and, with no hint or knowledge of the weight behind him, started up anew. When his load was fairly on the move, three or four cars would be cut off, and .007 would bound forward, only to be held hiccupping on the brake. Then he would wait a few minutes, watching the whirled lanterns, deafened with the clang of the bells, giddy with the vision of the sliding cars, his brake-pump panting forty to the minute, his front coupler lying sideways on his cow-catcher, like a tired dog's tongue in his mouth, and the whole of him covered with half-burnt coal-dust.

"'Tisn't so easy switching with a straight-backed tender," said his little friend of the round-house, bustling by at a trot. "But you're comin' on pretty fair. 'Ever seen a flyin' switch? No? Then watch me."

Poney was in charge of a dozen heavy flat-cars. Suddenly he shot away from them with a sharp "*Whutt!*" A switch opened in the shadows ahead; he turned up it like a rabbit as it snapped behind him, and the long line of twelve-foot-high lumber jolted on into the arms of a full-sized road-loco, who acknowledged receipt with a dry howl.

"My man's reckoned the smartest in the yard at that trick," he said, returning. "Gives me cold shivers when

another fool tries it, though. That's where my short wheel-base comes in. Like as not you'd have your tender scraped off if *you* tried it."

.007 had no ambitions that way, and said so.

"No? Of course this ain't your regular business, but say, don't you think it's interestin'? Have you seen the yard-master? Well, he's the greatest man on earth, an' don't you forget it. When are we through? Why, kid, it's always like this, day *an'* night — Sundays an' week-days. See that thirty-car freight slidin' in four, no, five tracks off? She's all mixed freight, sent here to be sorted out into straight trains. That's why we're cuttin' out the cars one by one." He gave a vigorous push to a west-bound car as he spoke, and started back with a little snort of surprise, for the car was an old friend — an M. T. K. box-car.

"Jack my drivers, but it's Homeless Kate! Why, Kate, ain't there *no* gettin' you back to your friends? There's forty chasers out for you from your road, if there's one. Who's holdin' you now?"

"Wish I knew," whimpered Homeless Kate. "I belong in Topeka, but I've bin to Cedar Rapids; I've bin to Winnipeg; I've bin to Newport News; I've bin all down the old Atlanta and West Point; an' I've bin to Buffalo. Maybe I'll fetch up at Haverstraw. I've only bin out ten months, but I'm homesick — I'm just achin' homesick."

"Try Chicago, Katie," said the switching-loco; and the battered old car lumbered down the track, jolting: "I want to be in Kansas when the sunflowers bloom."

"Yard's full o' Homeless Kates an' Wanderin' Willies," he explained to .007. "I knew an old Fitchburg flat-car out seventeen months; an' one of ours was gone fifteen 'fore ever we got track of her. Dunno quite how our men fix it. 'Swap around, I guess. Anyway, I've done *my* duty. She's

on her way to Kansas, via Chicago; but I'll lay my next boilerful she'll be held there to wait consignee's convenience, and sent back to us with wheat in the fall."

Just then the Pittsburgh Consolidation passed, at the head of a dozen cars.

"I'm goin' home," he said proudly.

"Can't get all them twelve on to the flat. Break 'em in half, Dutchy!" cried Poney. But it was .007 who was backed down to the last six cars, and he nearly blew up with surprise when he found himself pushing them on to a huge ferry-boat. He had never seen deep water before, and shivered as the flat drew away and left his bogies within six inches of the black, shiny tide.

After this he was hurried to the freight-house, where he saw the yard-master, a smallish, white-faced man in shirt, trousers, and slippers, looking down upon a sea of trucks, a mob of bawling truckmen, and squadrons of backing, turning, sweating, spark-striking horses.

"That's shippers' carts loadin' on to the receivin' trucks," said the small engine, reverently. "But *he* don't care. He lets 'em cuss. He's the Czar — King — Boss! He says 'Please,' and then they kneel down an' pray. There's three or four strings o' to-day's freight to be pulled before he can attend to *them*. When he waves his hand that way, things happen."

A string of loaded cars slid out down the track, and a string of empties took their place. Bales, crates, boxes, jars, carboys, frails, cases, and packages flew into them from the freight-house as though the cars had been magnets and they iron filings.

"Ki-yah!" shrieked little Poney. "Ain't it great?"

A purple-faced truckman shouldered his way to the yard-master, and shook his fist under his nose. The yard-master

never looked up from his bundle of freight receipts. He crooked his forefinger slightly, and a tall young man in a red shirt, lounging carelessly beside him, hit the truckman under the left ear, so that he dropped, quivering and clucking, on a hay-bale.

"Eleven, seven, ninety-seven, L. Y. S.; fourteen ought ought three; nineteen thirteen; one one four; seventeen ought twenty-one M. B.; *and* the ten west-bound. All straight except the two last. Cut 'em off at the junction. An' *that*'s all right. Pull that string." The yard-master, with mild blue eyes, looked out over the howling truckmen at the waters in the moonlight beyond, and hummed:

> "All things bright and beautiful,
> All creatures great and small,
> *All* things wise and wonderful,
> The Lawd Gawd He made all!"

.007 moved out the cars and delivered them to the regular road-engine. He had never felt quite so limp in his life before.

"Curious, ain't it?" said Poney, puffing, on the next track. "You an' me, if we got that man under our bumpers, we'd work him into red waste an' not know what we'd done; but — up there — with the steam hummin' in his boiler that awful quiet way . . ."

"*I* know," said .007. "Makes me feel as if I'd dropped my fire an' was getting cold. He is the greatest man on earth."

They were at the far north end of the yard now, under a switch-tower, looking down on the four-track way of the main traffic. The Boston Compound was to haul .007's string to some far-away northern junction over an indifferent road-bed, and she mourned aloud for the ninety-six pound rails of the B. & A.

"You're young; you're young," she coughed. "You don't realize your responsibilities."

"Yes, he does," said Poney, sharply; "but he don't lie down under 'em." Then, with a side-spurt of steam, exactly like a tough spitting: "There ain't more than fifteen thousand dollars' worth o' freight behind her anyway, and she goes on as if 't were a hundred thousand — same as the Mogul's. Excuse me, madam, but you've the track. . . . She's stuck on a dead-center again — bein' specially designed not to."

The Compound crawled across the tracks on a long slant, groaning horribly at each switch, and moving like a cow in a snow-drift. There was a little pause along the yard after her tail-lights had disappeared, switches locked crisply, and every one seemed to be waiting.

"Now I'll show you something worth," said Poney. "When the Purple Emperor ain't on time, it's about time to amend the Constitution. The first stroke of twelve is ——"

"Boom!" went the clock in the big yard-tower, and far away .007 heard a full, vibrating "*Yah! Yah! Yah!*" A headlight twinkled on the horizon like a star, grew an overpowering blaze, and whooped up the humming track to the roaring music of a happy giant's song:

With a michnai—ghignai—shtingal! Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein—zwei—drei—Mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple,
Und she frighten' all der people,
Singin' michnai—ghignai—shtingal! Yah! Yah!

The last defiant "yah! yah!" was delivered a mile and a half beyond the passenger-depot; but .007 had caught one glimpse of the superb six-wheel-coupled racing-locomotive, who hauled the pride and glory of the road — the gilt-edged

Purple Emperor, the millionaires' south-bound express, laying the miles over his shoulder as a man peels a shaving from a soft board. The rest was a blur of maroon enamel, a bar of white light from the electrics in the cars, and a flicker of nickel-plated hand-rail on the rear platform.

"Ooh!" said .007.

"Seventy-five miles an hour these five miles. Baths, I've heard; barber's shop; ticker; and a library and the rest to match. Yes, sir; seventy-five an hour! But he'll talk to you in the round-house just as democratic as I would. And I — cuss my wheel-base! — I'd kick clean off the track at half his gait. He's the Master of our Lodge. Cleans up at our house. I'll introdooce you some day. He's worth knowin'! There ain't many can sing that song, either."

.007 was too full of emotions to answer. He did not hear a raging of telephone bells in the switch tower, nor the man, as he leaned out and called to .007's engineer: "Got any steam?"

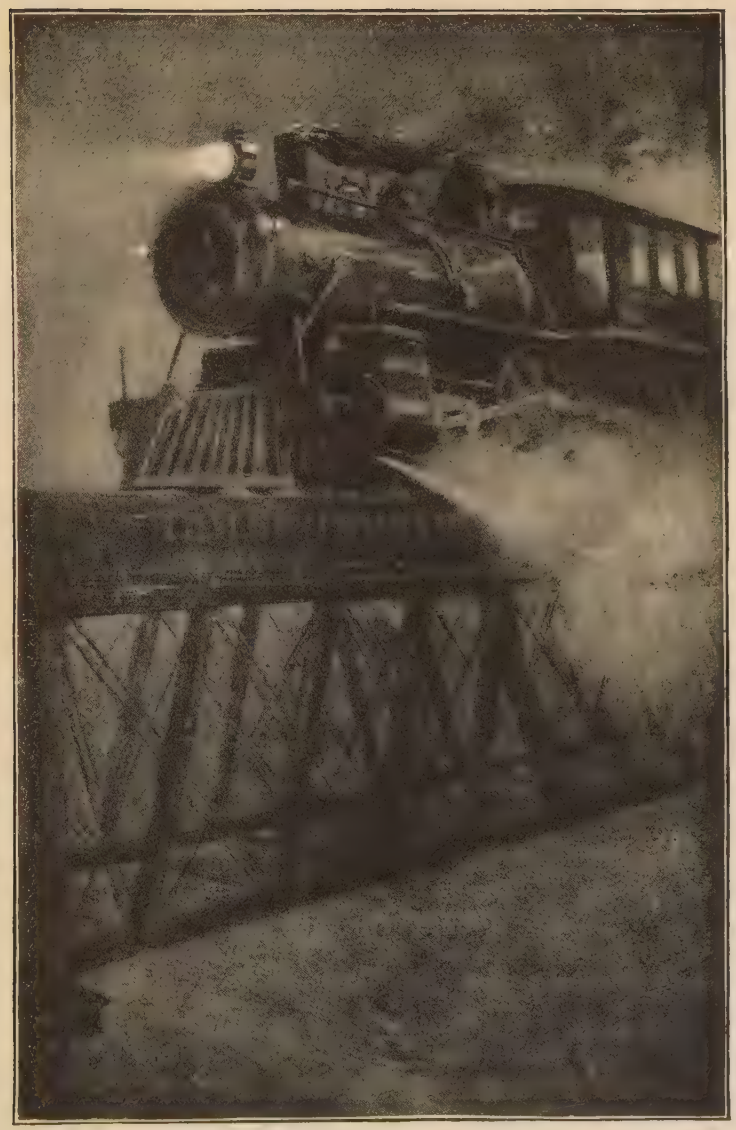
"'Nough to run her a hundred mile out o' this, if I could," said the engineer, who belonged to the open road and hated switching.

"Then get. The Flying Freight's ditched forty mile out, with fifty rod o' track ploughed up. No; no one's hurt, but both tracks are blocked. Lucky the wreckin'-car an' derrick are this end of the yard. Crew'll be along in a minute. Hurry! You've the track."

"Well, I could jest kick my little sawed-off self," said Poney, as .007 was backed, with a bang, on to a grim and grimy car like a caboose, but full of tools — a flat-car and a derrick behind it. "Some folks are one thing, and some are another; but *you* 're in luck, kid. They push a wrecking-car. Now, don't get rattled. Your wheel-base will keep you on the track, and there ain't any curves worth mentionin'.

Oh, say! Comanche told me there's one section o' saw-edged track that's liable to jounce ye a little. Fifteen an' a half out, *after* the grade at Jackson's crossin'. You'll know it by a farmhouse an' a windmill an' five maples in the door-yard. Windmill's west o' the maples. An' there's an eighty-foot iron bridge in the middle o' that section with no guardrails. See you later. Luck!"

Before he knew well what had happened, .007 was flying up the track into the dumb, dark world. Then fears of the night beset him. He remembered all he had ever heard of landslides, rain-piled boulders, blown trees, and strayed cattle, all that the Boston Compound had ever said of responsibility, and a great deal more that came out of his own head. With a very quavering voice he whistled for his first grade-crossing (an event in the life of a locomotive), and his nerves were in no way restored by the sight of a frantic horse and a white-faced man in a buggy less than a yard from his right shoulder. Then he was sure he would jump the track; felt his flanges mounting the rail at every curve; knew that his first grade would make him lie down even as Comanche had done at the Newtons. He whirled down the grade to Jackson's crossing, saw the windmill west of the maples, felt the badly laid rails spring under him, and sweated big drops all over his boiler. At each jarring bump he believed an axle had smashed, and he took the eighty-foot bridge without the guard-rail like a hunted cat on the top of a fence. Then a wet leaf stuck against the glass of his headlight and threw a flying shadow on the track, so that he thought it was some little dancing animal that would feel soft if he ran over it; and anything soft underfoot frightens a locomotive as it does an elephant. But the men behind seemed quite calm. The wrecking crew were climbing carelessly from the caboose to the tender — even jesting with the engineer, for



"He took the eighty foot bridge without the guard-rail
like a hunted cat on the top of a fence."

he heard a shuffling of feet among the coal, and the snatch of a song, something like this:

"Oh, the Empire State must learn to wait,
And the Cannon-ball go hang!
When the West-bound's ditched, and the tool-car's hitched,
And it's way for the Breakdown Gang (Tara-ra!)
'Way for the Breakdown Gang!"

"Say! Eustis knew what he was doin' when he designed this rig. She's a hummer. New, too."

"Snff! Phew! She *is* new. That ain't paint. That's ——"

A burning pain shot through .007's right rear driver — a crippling, stinging pain.

"This," said .007, as he flew, "is a hot-box. Now I know what it means. I shall go to pieces, I guess. My first road-run, too!"

"Het a bit, ain't she?" the fireman ventured to suggest to the engineer.

"She'll hold for all we want of her. We're 'most there. Guess you chaps back had better climb into your car," said the engineer, his hand on the brake-lever. "I've seen men snapped off ——"

But the crew fled back with laughter. They had no wish to be jerked on to the track. The engineer half turned his wrist, and .007 found his drivers pinned firm.

"Now it's come!" said .007, as he yelled aloud, and slid like a sleigh. For the moment he fancied that he would jerk bodily from off his underpinning.

"That must be the emergency-stop that Poney guyed me about," he gasped, as soon as he could think. "Hot-box emergency-stop. They both hurt; but now I can talk back in the round-house."

He was halted, all hissing hot, a few feet in the rear of

what doctors would call a compound-comminuted car. His engineer was kneeling down among his drivers, but he did not call .007 his "Arab steed," nor cry over him, as the engineers did in the newspapers. He just bad-worded .007, and pulled yards of charred cotton-waste from about the axles, and hoped he might some day catch the idiot who had packed it. Nobody else attended to him, for Evans, the Mogul's engineer, a little cut about the head, but very angry, was exhibiting, by lantern-light, the mangled corpse of a slim blue pig.

"'T weren't even a decent-sized hog," he said. "'T were a shote."

"Dangerousest beasts they are," said one of the crew. "Get under the pilot an' sort o' twiddle ye off the track, don't they?"

"Don't they?" roared Evans, who was a red-headed Welshman. "You talk as if I was ditched by a hog every fool-day o' the week. *I* ain't friends with all the cussed half-fed shotes in the State o' New York. No, indeed! Yes, this is him — an' look what he's done!"

It was not a bad night's work for one stray piglet. The Flying Freight seemed to have flown in every direction, for the Mogul had mounted the rails and run diagonally a few hundred feet from right to left, taking with him such cars as cared to follow. Some did not. They broke their couplers and lay down, while rear cars frolicked over them. In that game, they had ploughed up and removed and twisted a good deal of the left hand track. The Mogul himself had waddled into a cornfield, and there he knelt — fantastic wreaths of green twisted round his crank-pins; his pilot covered with solid clods of field, on which corn nodded drunkenly; his fire put out with dirt (Evans had done that as soon as he recovered his senses); and his broken headlight half full of half-burnt

moths. His tender had thrown coal all over him, and he looked like a disreputable buffalo who had tried to wallow in a general store. For there lay scattered over the landscape, from the burst cars, typewriters, sewing-machines, bicycles in crates, a consignment of silver-plated imported harness, French dresses and gloves, a dozen finely molded hard-wood mantels, a fifteen-foot naphtha-launch, with a solid brass bedstead crumpled around her bows, a case of telescopes and microscopes, two coffins, a case of very best candies, some gilt-edged dairy produce, butter and eggs in an omelette, a broken box of expensive toys, and a few hundred other luxuries. A camp of tramps hurried up from nowhere, and generously volunteered to help the crew. So the brakemen, armed with coupler-pins, walked up and down on one side and the freight-conductor and the fireman patroled the other with their hands in their hip-pockets. A long-bearded man came out of the house beyond the cornfield, and told Evans that if the accident had happened a little later in the year, all his corn would have been burned, and accused Evans of carelessness. Then he ran away, for Evans was at his heels shrieking: "'T was his hog done it — his hog done it! Let me kill him! Let me kill him!" Then the wrecking-crew laughed; and the farmer put his head out of a window and said that Evans was no gentleman.

But .007 was very sober. He had never seen a wreck before, and it frightened him. The crew still laughed, but they worked at the same time; and .007 forgot horror in amazement at the way they handled the Mogul freight. They dug round him with spades; they put ties in front of his wheels, and jack-screws under him; they embraced him with the derrick-chain and tickled him with crowbars; while .007 was hitched on to wrecked cars and backed away till the knot broke or the cars rolled clear of the track. By dawn thirty

or forty men were at work, replacing and ramming down the ties, gâuging the rails and spiking them. By daylight all cars who could move had gone on in charge of another loco; the track was freed for traffic; and .007 had hauled the old Mogul over a small pavement of ties, inch by inch, till his flanges bit the rail once more, and he settled down with a clank. But his spirit was broken, and his nerve was gone.

"'T weren't even a hog," he repeated dolefully; "'t were a shote; and you — *you* of all of 'em — had to help me on."

"But how in the whole long road did it happen?" asked .007, sizzling with curiosity.

"Happen! It didn't happen! It just come! I sailed right on top of him around that last curve — thought he was a skunk. Yes; he was all as little as that. He hadn't more'n squealed once 'fore I felt my bogies lift (he'd rolled right under the pilot), and I couldn't catch the track again to save me. Swiveled clean off, I was. Then I felt him sling himself along, all greasy, under my left leadin' driver, and, oh, Boilers! that mounted the rail. I heard my flanges zippin' along the ties, an' the next I knew I was playin' 'Sally, Sally Waters' in the corn, my tender shuckin' coal through my cab, an' old man Evans lyin' still an' bleedin' in front o' me. Shook? There ain't a stay or a bolt or rivet in me that ain't sprung to glory somewhere."

"Umm!" said .007. "What d'you reckon you weigh?"

"Without these lumps o' dirt I'm all of a hundred thousand pound."

"And the shote?"

"Eighty. Call him a hundred pound at the outside. He's worth about four 'n' a half dollars. Ain't it awful? Ain't it enough to give you nervous prostration? Ain't it paralyzin'? Why, I come just around that curve ——" and the Mogul told the tale again, for he was very badly shaken.

"Well, it's all in the day's run, I guess," said .007, soothingly; "an' — an' a cornfield's pretty soft fallin'."

"If it had bin a sixty-foot bridge, an' I could ha' slid off into deep water an' blown up an' killed both men, same as others have done, I wouldn't ha' cared; but to be ditched by a shote — an' you to help me out — in a cornfield — an' an old hayseed in his nightgown cussin' me like as if I was a sick truck-horse! . . . Oh, it's awful! Don't call me Mogul! I'm a sewin'-machine. They'll guy my sand-box off in the yard."

And .007, his hot-box cooled and his experience vastly enlarged, hauled the Mogul freight slowly back to the round-house.

"Hello, old man! Bin out all night, hain't ye?" said the irrepressible Poney, who had just come off duty. "Well, I must say you look it. Costly — perishable — fragile — immediate — that's you! Go to the shops, take them vine-leaves out o' your hair, an' git 'em to play the hose on you."

"Leave him alone, Poney," said .007, severely, as he was swung on the turn-table, "or I'll ——"

" Didn't know the old granger was any special friend o' yours, kid. He wasn't over-civil to you last time I saw him."

"I know it; but I've seen a wreck since then, and it has about scared the paint off me. I'm not going to guy any one as long as I steam — not when they're new to the business an' anxious to learn. And I'm not goin' to guy the old Mogul either, though I did find him wreathed around with roastin'-ears. 'T was a little bit of a shote — not a hog — just a shote, Poney — no bigger'n a lump of anthracite — I saw it — that made all the mess. Anybody can be ditched, I guess."

"Found that out already, have you? Well, that's a good beginnin'." It was the Purple Emperor, with his high, tight, plate-glass cab and green velvet cushion, waiting to be cleaned for his next day's fly.

"Let me make you two gen'lemen acquainted," said Poney. "This is our Purple Emperor, kid, whom you were admirin' and, I may say, envyin' last night. This is a new brother, worshipful sir, with most of his mileage ahead of him, but, so far as a serving-brother can, I'll answer for him."

"'Happy to meet you," said the Purple Emperor, with a glance round the crowded round-house. "I guess there are enough of us here to form a full meetin'. Ahem! By virtue of the authority vested in me as Head of the Road, I hereby declare and pronounce No. .007 a full and accepted Brother of the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotives, and as such entitled to all shop, switch, track, tank, and round-house privileges throughout my jurisdiction, in the Degree of Superior Flier, it bein' well known and credibly reported to me that our Brother has covered forty-one miles in thirty-nine minutes and a half on an errand of mercy to the afflicted. At a convenient time, I myself will communicate to you the Song and Signal of this Degree whereby you may be recognized in the darkest night. Take your stall, newly entered Brother among Locomotives!"

Now, in the darkest night, even as the Purple Emperor said, if you will stand on the bridge across the freight-yard, looking down upon the four-track way, at 2:30 A. M., neither before nor after, when the White Moth, that takes the overflow from the Purple Emperor, tears south with her seven vestibuled cream-white cars, you will hear, as the yard-clock makes the half-hour, a far-away sound like the bass of a violoncello, and then, a hundred feet to each word:

"With a michnai—ghignai—shtingal! Yah! Yah! Yah!
Ein—zwei—drei—Mutter! Yah! Yah! Yah!
She climb upon der shteeple,
Und she frighten all der people,
Singin' michnai—ghignai—shtingal! Yah! Yah!

That is .007 covering his one hundred and fifty-six miles in two hundred and twenty-one minutes.

THE EXPLORER

THERE'S no sense in going further — it's the edge of cultivation,"
So they said, and I believed it — broke my land and sowed my crop —
Built my barns and strung my fences in the little border station
Tucked away below the foothills where the trails run out and stop.

Till a voice, as bad as Conscience, rang interminable changes
On one everlasting Whisper day and night repeated — so:
"Something hidden. Go and find it. Go and look behind the Ranges —
Something lost behind the Ranges. Lost and waiting for you. Go!"

So I went, worn out of patience; never told my nearest neighbors —
Stole away with pack and ponies — left 'em drinking in the town;
And the faith that moveth mountains didn't seem to help my labors
As I faced the sheer main-ranges, whipping up and leading down.

March by march I puzzled through 'em, turning flanks and dodging shoulders,
Hurried on in hope of water, headed back for lack of grass;
Till I camped above the tree-line — drifted snow and naked boulders —
Felt free air astir to windward — knew I'd stumbled on the Pass.

'Thought to name it for the finder: but that night the Norther found me —
Froze and killed the plains-bred ponies: so I called the camp Despair
(It's the Railway Gap to-day, though). Then my Whisper waked to hound me: —
"Something lost behind the Ranges. Over yonder. Go you there!"

Then I knew, the while I doubted — knew His Hand was certain o'er me.
Still — it might be self-delusion — scores of better men had died —
I could reach the township living, but . . . He knows what terrors tore me . . .
But I didn't . . . but I didn't. I went down the other side.

Till the snow ran out in flowers, and the flowers turned to aloes,
And the aloes sprung to thickets and a brimming stream ran by;
But the thickets dwined to thorn-scrub, and the water drained to shallows —
And I dropped again on desert, blasted earth, and blasting sky. . . .

I remember lighting fires; I remember sitting by them;
I remember seeing faces, hearing voices through the smoke;
I remember they were fancy — for I threw a stone to try 'em.
"Something lost behind the Ranges," was the only word they spoke.

I remember going crazy. I remember that I knew it
When I heard myself hallooing to the funny folk I saw.
Very full of dreams that desert: but my two legs took me through it. . . .
And I used to watch 'em moving with the toes all black and raw.

But at last the country altered — White man s country past disputing —
Rolling grass and open timber, with a hint of hills behind —
There I found me food and water, and I lay a week recruiting,
Got my strength and lost my nightmares. Then I entered on my find.

Thence I ran my first rough survey — chose my trees and blazed and ringed 'em —
Week by week I pried and sampled — week by week my findings grew.
Saul he went to look for donkeys, and by God he found a kingdom!
But by God, who sent His Whisper, I had struck the worth of two!

Up along the hostile mountains, where the hair-poised snow-slide shivers —
Down and through the big fat marshes that the virgin ore-bed stains,
Till I heard the mile-wide mutterings of unimagined rivers
And beyond the nameless timber saw illimitable plains!

'Plotted sites of future cities, traced the easy grades between 'em;
Watched unharnessed rapids wasting fifty thousand head an hour;
Counted leagues of water-frontage through the axe-rip woods that screen 'em —
Saw the plant to feed a people — up and waiting for the power!

Well I know who'll take the credit — all the clever chaps that followed —
Came, a dozen men together — never knew my desert fears;
Tracked me by the camps I'd quitted, used the water-holes I'd hollowed.
They'll go back and do the talking. They'll be called the Pioneers!

They will find my sites of townships — not the cities that I set there.
They will rediscover rivers — not my rivers heard at night.
By my own old marks and bearings they will show me how to get there,
By the lonely cairns I builded they will guide my feet aright.

Have I named one single river? Have I claimed one single acre?
Have I kept one single nugget — (barring samples)? No, not I.
Because my price was paid me ten times over by my Maker.
But you wouldn't understand it. You go up and occupy.

Ores you'll find there; wood and cattle; water-transit sure and steady
(That should keep the railway rates down), coal and iron at your doors.
God took care to hide that country till He judged His people ready,
Then He chose me for His Whisper, and I've found it, and it's yours!

Yes, your "Never-never country" — yes, your "edge of cultivation"
And "no sense in going further" — till I crossed the range to see.
God forgive me! No, *I* didn't. It's God's present to our nation.
Anybody might have found it but — His Whisper came to Me!

THE YELLOWSTONE PARK

HAVE you ever seen an untouched land — the face of virgin Nature? It is rather a curious sight, because the hills are choked with timber that has never known an axe, and the storm has rent a way through this timber, so that a hundred thousand trees lie matted together in swathes; and, since each tree lies where it falls, you may behold trunk and branch returning to the earth whence they sprang — exactly as the body of man returns — each limb making its own little grave, the grass climbing above the bark, till at last there remains only the outline of a tree upon the rank undergrowth.

Then we drove under a cliff of obsidian, which is black glass, some two hundred feet high; and the road at its foot was made of black glass that crackled. This was no great matter, because half an hour before Tom had pulled up in the woods that we might sufficiently admire a mou tain who stood all by himself, shaking with laughter or rage.

The glass cliff overlooks a lake where the beavers built a dam about a mile and a half long in a zigzag line, as their necessities prompted.

We curved the hill and entered a forest of spruce, the path serpentining between the tree-boles, the wheels running silent on immemorial mould. There was nothing alive in the forest save ourselves. Only a river was speaking angrily somewhere to the right. For miles we drove till Tom bade

us alight and look at certain falls. Wherefore we stepped out of that forest and nearly fell down a cliff which guarded a tumbled river and returned demanding fresh miracles. If the water had run uphill, we should perhaps have taken more notice of it; but 'twas only a waterfall, and I really forget whether the water was warm or cold. There is a stream here called Firehole River. It is fed by the overflow from the various geysers and basins — a warm and deadly river wherein no fish breed. I think we crossed it a few dozen times in the course of a day.

Then the sun began to sink, and there was a taste of frost about, and we went swiftly from the forest into the open, dashed across a branch of the Firehole River and found a wood shanty, even rougher than the last, at which, after a forty-mile drive, we were to dine and sleep. Half a mile from this place stood, on the banks of the Firehole River, a "beaver-lodge," and there were rumors of bears and other cheerful monsters in the woods on the hill at the back of the building.

In the cool, crisp quiet of the evening I sought that river, and found a pile of newly gnawed sticks and twigs. The beaver works with the cold-chisel, and a few clean strokes suffice to level a four-inch bole. Across the water on the far bank glimmered, with the ghastly white of peeled dead timber, the beaver-lodge — a mass of disheveled branches. The inhabitants had dammed the stream lower down and spread it into a nice little lake. The question was, would they come out for their walk before it got too dark to see. They came — blessings on their blunt muzzles, they came — as shadows come, drifting down the stream, stirring neither foot nor tail. There were three of them. One went down to investigate the state of the dam; the other two began to look for supper. There is only one thing more startling than the

noiselessness of a tiger in the jungle, and that is the noiselessness of a beaver in the water. The straining ear could catch no sound whatever till they began to eat the thick green river-scudge that they call beaver-grass. I, bowed among the logs, held my breath and stared with all my eyes. They were not ten yards from me, and they would have eaten their dinner in peace so long as I had kept absolutely still.

We drifted on up that miraculous valley. On either side of us were hills from a thousand to fifteen hundred feet high and wooded from heel to crest. As far as the eye could range forward were columns of steam in the air, misshapen lumps of lime, most like preadamite monsters, still pools of turquoise blue, stretches of blue cornflowers, a river that coiled on itself twenty times, boulders of strange colors, and ridges of glaring, staring white.

The old lady from Chicago poked with her parasol at the pools as though they had been alive. On one particularly innocent-looking little puddle she turned her back for a moment, and there rose behind her a twenty-foot column of water and steam. Then she shrieked and protested that "she never thought it would ha' done it," and the old man chewed his tobacco steadily, and mourned for steam power wasted. I embraced the whitened stump of a middle-sized pine that had grown all too close to a hot pool's lip, and the whole thing turned over under my hand as a tree would do in a nightmare. From right and left came the trumpetings of elephants at play. I stepped into a pool of old dried blood rimmed with the noddin cornflowers; the blood changed to ink even as I trod; and ink and blood were washed away in a spurt of boiling sulphurous water spat out from the lee of a bank of flowers. This sounds mad, doesn't it?

We rounded a low spur of hill, and came out upon a field

of aching snowy lime, rolled in sheets, twisted into knots, riven with rents and diamonds and stars, stretching for more than half a mile in every direction. In this place of despair lay most of the big geysers who know when there is trouble in Krakatoa, who tell the pines when there is a cyclone on the Atlantic seaboard, and who — are exhibited to visitors under pretty and fanciful names. The first mound that I encountered belonged to a goblin splashing in his tub. I heard him kick, pull a shower-bath on his shoulders, gasp, crack his joints, and rub himself down with a towel; then he let the water out of the bath, as a thoughtful man should; and it all sank down out of sight till another goblin arrived. Yet they called this place the Lioness and the Cubs. It lies not very far from the Lion, which is a sullen, roaring beast, and they say that when it is very active the other geysers presently follow suit. After the Krakatoa eruption all the geysers went mad together, spouting, spurting, and bellowing till men feared that they would rip up the whole field. Mysterious sympathies exist among them, and when the Giantess speaks (of her more anon) they all hold their peace.

I was watching a solitary spring, when, far across the fields, stood up a plume of spun glass, iridescent and superb, against the sky. "That," said the trooper, "is Old Faithful. He goes off every sixty-five minutes to the minute, plays for five minutes, and sends up a column of water a hundred and fifty feet high. By the time you have looked at all the other geysers he will be ready to play."

So we looked and we wondered at the Beehive, whose mouth is built up exactly like a hive; at the Turban (which is not in the least like a turban); and at many, many other geysers, hot holes, and springs. Some of them rumbled, some hissed, some went off spasmodically, and others lay still in sheets of sapphire and beryl.

The Yellowstone Valley.

The Giantess is flat-lipped, having no mouth, she looks like a pool, fifty feet long and thirty wide, and there is no ornamentation about her. At irregular intervals she speaks, and sends up a column of water over two hundred feet high to begin with; then she is angry for a day and a half — sometimes for two days. Owing to her peculiarity of going mad in the night not many people have seen the Giantess at her finest; but the clamor of her unrest, men say, shakes the wooden hotel, and echoes like thunder among the hills. When I saw her, trouble was brewing. The pool bubbled furiously, and at five-minute intervals, sank a foot or two, then rose, washed over the rim, and huge steam bubbles broke on the top. Just before an eruption the water entirely disappears from view. Whenever you see the water die down in a geyser-mouth, get away as fast as you can. I saw a tiny little geyser suck in its breath in this way, and instinct made me retire while it hooted after me.

Leaving the Giantess to swear, and spit, and thresh about, we went over to Old Faithful, who by reason of his faithfulness has benches close to him whence you may comfortably watch. At the appointed hour we heard the water flying up and down the mouth with the sob of waves in a cave. Then came the preliminary gouts, then a roar and a rush, and that glittering column of diamonds rose, quivered, stood still for a minute. Then it broke, and the rest was a confused snarl of water not thirty feet high.

Up to that time nothing particular happens to the Yellowstone, its banks being only rocky, rather steep, and plentifully adorned with pines. At the falls it comes round a corner, green, solid, ribbed with a little foam and not more than thirty yards wide. Then it goes over still green and rather more solid than before. After a minute or two you, sitting

upon a rock directly above the drop, begin to understand that something has occurred; that the river has jumped a huge distance between solid cliff walls and what looks like the gentle froth of ripples lapping the sides of the gorge below is really the outcome of great waves. And the river yells aloud; but the cliffs do not allow the yells to escape.

That inspection began with curiosity and finished in terror, for it seemed that the whole world was sliding in chrysolite from under my feet. I followed with the others round the corner to arrive at the brink of the cañon: we had to climb up a nearly perpendicular ascent to begin with, for the ground rises more than the river drops. Stately pine woods fringe either lip of the gorge, which is — the Gorge of the Yellowstone.

All I can say is that without warning or preparation I looked into a gulf seventeen hundred feet deep with eagles and fish-hawks circling far below. And the sides of that gulf were one wild welter of color — crimson, emerald, cobalt, ochre, amber, honey splashed with port-wine, snow-white, vermilion, lemon, and silver-gray, in wide washes. The sides did not fall sheer, but were graven by time and water and air into monstrous heads of kings, dead chiefs, men and women of the old time. So far below that no sound of its strife could reach us, the Yellowstone River ran — a finger-wide strip of jade-green. The sunlight took those wondrous walls and gave fresh hues to those that nature had already laid there. Once I saw the dawn break over a lake in Rajputana and the sun set over the Oodey Sagar amid a circle of Holman Hunt hills. This time I was watching both performances going on below me — upside down you understand — and the colors were real! The cañon was burning like Troy town; but it would burn forever,

and, thank goodness, neither pen nor brush could ever portray its splendors adequately.

Evening crept through the pines that shadowed us, but the full glory of the day flamed in that cañon as we went out very cautiously to a jutting piece of rock — blood-red or pink it was — that overhung the deepest deeps of all. Now I know what it is to sit enthroned amid the clouds of sunset. Giddiness took away all sensation of touch or form; but the sense of blinding color remained. When I reached the mainland again I had sworn that I had been floating.

THE COASTWISE LIGHTS

OUR brows are wreathed with spindrift and the weed is on our knees;
Our loins are battered 'neath us by the swinging, smoking seas.
From reef and rock and skerry — over headland, ness and voe —
The Coastwise Lights of England watch the ships of England go!

Through the endless summer evenings, on the lineless, level floors;
Through the yelling Channel tempest when the siren hoots and roars —
By day the dipping house-flag and by night the rocket's trail —
As the sheep that graze behind us so we know them where they hail.

We bridge across the dark, and bid the helmsman have a care,
The flash that wheeling inland wakes his sleeping wife to prayer;
From our vexed eyries, head to gale, we bind in burning chains
The lover from the sea-rim drawn — his love in English lanes.

We greet the clippers wing-and-wing that race the Southern wool;
We warn the crawling cargo-tanks of Bremen, Leith and Hull;
To each and all our equal lamp at peril of the sea —
The white wall-sided warships or the whalers of Dundee!

Come up, come in from Eastward, from the guardports of the Morn!
Beat up, beat in from Southerly, O gipsies of the Horn!
Swift shuttles of an Empire's loom that weave us main to main,
The Coastwise Lights of England give you welcome back again!

Go, get you gone up-Channel with the sea-crust on your plates;
Go, get you into London with the burden of your freights!
Haste, for they talk of Empire there, and say, if any seek,
The Lights of England sent you and by silence shall ye speak.

A TRIP ACROSS A CONTINENT *

Henry N. Cheyne, a spoiled darling, "perhaps fifteen years old," "an American—first, last, and all the time," had "staggered over the wet decks to the nearest rail," after trying to smoke a "Wheeling stogie." "He was fainting from seasickness, and a roll of the ship tilted him over the rail," where a "gray mother-wave tucked him under one arm." He was picked up by the fishing schooner *We're Here*, and after many marvelous experiences among the sailors, arrived in port, a happier and wiser fellow. His telegram to his father brings the following result.

CHEYNE was flying to meet the only son, so miraculously restored to him. The bear was seeking his cub, not the bulls. Hard men who had their knives drawn to fight for their financial lives put away the weapons and wished him God-speed, while half a dozen panic-smitten tin-pot roads perked up their heads and spoke of the wonderful things they would have done had not Cheyne buried the hatchet.

It was a busy week-end among the wires; for, now that their anxiety was removed, men and cities hastened to accommodate. Los Angeles called to San Diego and Barstow that the Southern California engineers might know and be ready in their lonely round-houses; Barstow passed the word to the Atlantic and Pacific; and Albuquerque flung it the whole length of the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé manage-

*A selection from "Captains Courageous," copyrighted by The Century Company.

ment, even into Chicago. An engine, combination-car with crew, and the great and gilded "Constance" private car were to be "expedited" over those two thousand three hundred and fifty miles. The train would take precedence of one hundred and seventy-seven others meeting and passing; despatchers and crews of every one of those said trains must be notified. Sixteen locomotives; sixteen engineers, and sixteen firemen would be needed — each and every one the best available. Two and one-half minutes would be allowed for changing engines, three for watering, and two for coaling. "Warn the men, and arrange tanks and chutes accordingly; for Harvey Cheyne is in a hurry, a hurry — hurry," sang the wires. "Forty miles an hour will be expected, and division superintendents will accompany this special over their respective divisions. From San Diego to Sixteenth Street, Chicago, let the magic carpet be laid down. Hurry! oh, hurry!"

"It will be hot," said Cheyne, as they rolled out of San Diego in the dawn of Sunday. "We're going to hurry, mamma, just as fast as ever we can; but I really don't think there's any good of your putting on your bonnet and gloves yet. You'd much better lie down and take your medicine. I'd play you a game o' dominoes, but it's Sunday."

"I'll be good. Oh, I *will* be good. Only — taking off my bonnet makes me feel as if we'd never get there."

"Try to sleep a little, mamma, and we'll be in Chicago before you know."

"But it's Boston, father. Tell them to hurry."

The six-foot drivers were hammering their way to San Bernardino and the Mohave wastes, but this was no grade for speed. That would come later. The heat of the desert followed the heat of the hills as they turned east to the Needles and the Colorado River. The car cracked in the

utter drought and glare, and they put crushed ice to Mrs. Cheyne's neck, and toiled up the long, long grades, past Ash Fork, toward Flagstaff, where the forests and quarries are, under the dry, remote skies. The needle of the speed-indicator flicked and wagged to and fro, the cinders rattled on the roof, and a whirl of dust sucked after the whirling wheels. The crew of the combination sat on their bunks, panting in their shirt-sleeves, and Cheyne found himself among them shouting old, old stories of the railroad that every trainman knows, above the roar of the car. He told them about his son, and how the sea had given up its dead, and they nodded and spat and rejoiced with him; asked after "her, back there," and whether she could stand it if the engineer "let her out a piece," and Cheyne thought she could. Accordingly the great fire-horse was "let out" from Flagstaff to Winslow, till a division superintendent protested.

But Mrs. Cheyne, in the boudoir stateroom, where the French maid, sallow-white with fear, clung to the silver door-handle, only moaned a little and begged her husband to bid them "hurry." And so they dropped the dry sands and moon-struck rocks of Arizona behind them, and grilled on till the crash of the couplings and the wheeze of the brake-hose told them they were at Coolidge by the Continental Divide.

Three bold and experienced men — cool, confident, and dry when they began; white, quivering, and wet when they finished their trick at those terrible wheels — swung her over the great lift from Albuquerque to Glorietta and beyond Springer, up and up to the Raton Tunnel on the State line, whence they dropped rocking into La Junta, had sight of the Arkansaw, and tore down the long slope to Dodge City, where Cheyne took comfort once again from setting his watch an hour ahead.

There was very little talk in the car. The secretary and typewriter sat together on the stamped Spanish-leather cushions by the plate-glass observation window at the rear end, watching the surge and ripple of the ties crowded back behind them, and, it is believed, making notes of the scenery. Cheyne moved nervously between his own extravagant gorgeousness and the naked necessity of the combination, an unlit cigar in his teeth, till the pitying crews forgot that he was their tribal enemy, and did their best to entertain him.

At night the bunched electrics lit up that distressful palace of all the luxuries, and they fared sumptuously, swinging on through the emptiness of abject desolation. Now they heard the swish of a water-tank, and the guttural voice of a Chinaman, the clink-clink of hammers that tested the Krupp steel wheels, and the oath of a tramp chased off the rear-platform; now the solid crash of coal shot into the tender; and now a beating back of noises as they flew past a waiting train. Now they looked out into great abysses, a trestle purring beneath their tread, or up to rocks that barred out half the stars. Now scaur and ravine changed and rolled back to jagged mountains on the horizon's edge, and now broke into hills lower and lower, till at last came the true plains.

At Dodge City an unknown hand threw in a copy of a Kansas paper containing some sort of an interview with Harvey, who had evidently fallen in with an enterprising reporter, telegraphed on from Boston. The joyful journalese revealed that it was beyond question their boy, and it soothed Mrs. Cheyne for a while. Her one word "hurry" was conveyed by the crews to the engineers at Nickerson, Topeka, and Marceline, where the grades are easy, and they brushed the Continent behind them. Towns and villages were close together now, and a man could feel here that he moved among people.

"I can't see the dial, and my eyes ache so. What are we doing?"

"The very best we can, mamma. There's no sense in getting in before the Limited. We'd only have to wait."

"I don't care. I want to feel we're moving. Sit down and tell me the miles."

Cheyne sat down and read the dial for her (there were some miles which stand for records to this day), but the seventy-foot car never changed its long steamer-like roll, moving through the heat with the hum of a giant bee. Yet the speed was not enough for Mrs. Cheyne; and the heat, the remorseless August heat, was making her giddy; the clockhands would not move, and when, oh, when would they be in Chicago?

It is not true that, as they changed engines at Fort Madison, Cheyne passed over to the Amalgamated Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers an endowment sufficient to enable them to fight him and his fellows on equal terms for evermore. He paid his obligations to engineers and firemen as he believed they deserved, and only his bank knows what he gave the crews who had sympathized with him. It is on record that the last crew took entire charge of switching operations at Sixteenth Street, because "she" was in a doze at last, and Heaven was to help any one who bumped her.

Now the highly paid specialist who conveys the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern Limited from Chicago to Elkhart is something of an autocrat, and he does not approve of being told how to back up to a car. None the less he handled the "Constance" as if she might have been a load of dynamite, and when the crew rebuked him they did it in whispers and dumb show.

"Pshaw!" said the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fé men, discussing life later, "we weren't runnin' for a record. Harvey

Cheyne's wife, she was sick back, an' we didn't want to jounce her. Come to think of it, our runnin' time from San Diego to Chicago was 57.54. You can tell that to them Eastern way-trains. When we're tryin' for a record, we'll let you know."

To the Western man (though this would not please either city) Chicago and Boston are cheek by jowl, and some railroads encourage the delusion. The Limited whirled the "Constance" into Buffalo and the arms of the New York Central and Hudson River (illustrious magnates with white whiskers and gold charms on their watch-chains boarded her here to talk a little business to Cheyne), who slid her gracefully into Albany, where the Boston and Albany completed the run from tide-water to tide-water — total time, eighty-seven hours and thirty-five minutes, or three days, fifteen hours and one half. Harvey was waiting for them.

THE SONG OF THE DEAD

HEAR now the Song of the Dead — in the North by the torn berg-edges —
They that look still to the Pole, asleep by their hide-stripped sledges.
Song of the Dead in the South — in the sun by their skeleton horses,
Where the warrigal whimpers and bays through the dust of the sere river-courses.

Song of the Dead in the East — in the heat-rotted jungle hollows,
Where the dog-ape barks in the kloof — in the brake of the buffalo-wallows.
Song of the Dead in the West — in the Barrens, the snow that betrayed them,
Where the wolverine tumbles their packs from the camp and the grave-mound they made them; Hear now the Song of the Dead!

I

We were dreamers, dreaming greatly, in the man-stifled town;
We yearned beyond the sky-line where the strange roads go down.
Came the Whisper, came the Vision, came the Power with the Need,
Till the Soul that is not man's soul was lent us to lead.

"In the North by the torn berg-edges."

As the deer breaks — as the steer breaks — from the herd where they graze.
In the faith of little children we went on our ways.
Then the wood failed — then the food failed — then the last water dried —
In the faith of little children we lay down and died.
On the sand-drift — on the veldt-side — in the fern-scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way.
Follow after — follow after! We have watered the root,
And the bud has come to blossom that ripens for fruit!
Follow after — we are waiting, by the trails that we lost,
For the sounds of many footsteps, for the tread of a host.
Follow after — follow after — for the harvest is sown:
By the bones about the wayside ye shall come to your own!

When Drake went down to the Horn
And England was crowned thereby,
'Twixt seas unsailed and shores unhailed
Our Lodge — our Lodge was born
(And England was crowned thereby!)

Which never shall close again
By day nor yet by night,
While man shall take his life to stake
At risk of shoal or main
(By day nor yet by night!)

But standeth even so
As now we witness here,
While men depart, of joyful heart,
Adventure for to know
(As now bear witness here!)

II

We have fed our sea for a thousand years
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead:
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest,
To the shark and the sheering gull.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid in full!

There's never a flood goes shoreward now
But lifts a keel we manned;
There's never an ebb goes seaward now
But drops our dead on the sand —
But slinks our dead on the sands forlore,
From the Ducies to the Swin.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' paid it in!

We must feed our sea for a thousand years,
For that is our doom and pride,
As it was when they sailed with the *Golden Hind*,
Or the wreck that struck last tide —
Or the wreck that lies on the spouting reef
Where the ghastly blue-lights flare.
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
If blood be the price of admiralty,
Lord God, we ha' bought it fair!

THE NIGHT RIDE TO THE COW'S MOUTH

This is the tale of a night ride undertaken by Nicholas Tarvin, an American adventurer in Rajputana, India, on the rumor that a certain diamond necklace called the Naulahka, was to be found in a certain Hindu temple in a ruined city. From *The Naulahka.*

TARVIN threw back the loin-cloth as he came upon Fibby drowsing in the afternoon sun behind the rest-house.

"We're going for a little walk down-town, Fibby," he said.

The Kathiawar squealed and snapped.

"Yes; you always were a loafer, Fibby."

Fibby was saddled by his nervous native attendant, while Tarvin took a blanket from his room and rolled up into it an imaginative assortment of provisions. Fibby was to find his rations where Heaven pleased. Then he set out as light-heartedly as though he were going for a canter round the city. It was now about three in the afternoon. All Fibby's boundless reserves of ill temper and stubborn obstinacy Tarvin resolved should be devoted, by the aid of his spurs, to covering the fifty-seven miles to Gunnaur in the next ten hours, if the road were fair. If not, he should be allowed another two hours. The return journey would not require spurs. There was a moon that night, and Tarvin knew enough of native roads in Gokral Seetarun, and rough trails elsewhere, to be certain that he would not be confused by cross-tracks.

It being borne into Fibby's mind that he was required to advance, not in three directions at once, but in one, he clicked his bit comfortably in his mouth, dropped his head, and began to trot steadily. Then Tarvin pulled him up, and addressed him tenderly.

"Fib, my boy, we're not out for exercise — you'll learn that before sundown. Some galoot has been training you to waste your time over the English trot. I'll be discussing other points with you in the course of the campaign; but we'll settle this now. We don't begin with crime. Drop it, Fibby, and behave like a man-horse."

Tarvin was obliged to make further remarks on the same subject before Fibby returned to the easy native lope, which is also a common Western pace, tiring neither man nor beast. By this he began to understand that a long journey was demanded of him, and, lowering his tail, buckled down to it.

At first he moved in a cloud of sandy dust with the cotton-wains and the country-carts that were creaking out to the far distant railroad at Gunnaur. As the sun began to sink, his gaunt shadow danced like a goblin across low-lying volcanic rock tufted with shrubs, and here and there an aloe.

The carters unyoked their cattle on the roadside, and prepared to eat their evening meal by the light of dull-red fires. Fibby cocked one ear wistfully toward the flames, but held on through the gathering shadows, and Tarvin smelt the acrid juice of bruised camel's-thorn beneath his horse's hoofs. The moon rose in splendor behind him, and, following his lurching shadow, he overtook a naked man who bore over his shoulder a stick loaded with jingling bells, and fled panting and perspiring from one who followed him armed with a naked sword. This was the mail-carrier and his escort running to Gunnaur. The jingling died away on the dead air, and Fibby was ambling between intermi-

nable lines of thorn-bushes that threw mad arms to the stars, and cast shadows as solid as themselves across the road. Some beast of the night plunged through the thicket alongside, and Fibby snorted in panic. Then a porcupine crossed under his nose with a rustle of quills, and left an evil stench to poison the stillness for a moment. A point of light gleamed ahead, where a bullock-cart had broken down, and the drivers were sleeping peacefully till daylight should show the injury. Here Fibby stopped, and Tarvin, through the magic of a rupee, representing fortune to the rudely awakened sleepers, procured food and a little water for him, eased the girths, and made as much of him as he was disposed to permit. On starting again, Fibby found his second wind, and with it there woke the spirit of daring and adventure inherited from his ancestors, who were accustomed to take their masters thirty leagues in a day for the sacking of a town, to sleep by a lance driven into the earth as a picket, and to return whence they had come before the ashes of the houses had lost heat. So Fibby lifted his tail valiantly, neighed, and began to move.

The road descended for miles, crossing the dry beds of many water-courses and once a broad river, where Fibby stopped for another drink, and would have lain down to roll in a melon-bed but that his rider spurred him on up the slope. The country grew more fertile at every mile, and rolled in broader waves. Under the light of the setting moon the fields showed silver-white with the opium-poppy, or dark with sugar-cane.

Poppy and sugar ceased together, as Fibby topped a long, slow ascent, and with distended nostrils snuffed for the wind of the morning. He knew that the day would bring him rest. Tarvin peered forward where the white line of the road disappeared in the gloom of velvety scrub. He com-

manded a vast level plain flanked by hills of soft outline — a plain that in the dim light seemed as level as the sea. Like the sea, too, it bore on its breast a ship, like a gigantic monitor with a sharp bow, cutting her way from north to south; such a ship as man never yet has seen — two miles long, with three or four hundred feet free-board, lonely, silent, mastless, without lights, a derelict of the earth.

"We are nearly there, Fib, my boy," said Tarvin, drawing rein, and scanning the monstrous thing by the starlight. "We'll get as close as we can, and then wait for the daylight before going aboard."

They descended the slope, which was covered with sharp stones and sleeping goats. Then the road turned sharply to the left, and began to run parallel to the ship. Tarvin urged Fibby into a more direct path, and the good horse blundered piteously across the scrub-covered ground, cut up and channelled by the rains into a network of six-foot ravines and gulches.

Here he gave out with a despairing grunt. Tarvin took pity on him, and, fastening him to a tree, bade him think of his sins till breakfast-time, and dropped from his back into a dry and dusty water-hole. Ten steps farther, and the scrub was all about him, whipping him across the brows, hooking thorns into his jacket, and looping roots in front of his knees as he pushed on up an ever-steepening incline.

THE LAST RHYME OF TRUE THOMAS

THE King has called for priest and cup,
The King has taken spur and blade,
To dub True Thomas a belted knight,
And all for the sake o' the songs he made.

They have sought him high, they have sought him low,
They have sought him over down and lea;
They have found him by the milk-white thorn
That guards the gates o' Faerie.

'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
Their eyes were held that they might not see
The kine that grazed between the knowes,
Oh, they were the Queens o' Faerie!

"Now cease your song," the King he said,
"Oh, cease your song and get you dight
To vow your vow and watch your arms,
For I will dub you a belted knight.

"For I will give you a horse o' pride,
Wi' blazon and spur and page and squire;
Wi' keep and tail and seizin and law,
And land to hold at your desire."

True Thomas smiled above his harp,
And turned his face to the naked sky,
Where, blown before the wastrel wind,
The thistle-down she floated by.

"I ha' vowed my vow in another place,
And bitter oath it was on me,
I ha' watched my arms the lee-long night,
Where five-score fighting men would flee.

"My lance is tipped o' the hammered flame,
My shield is beat o' the moonlight cold;
And I won my spurs in the Middle World,
A thousand fathoms beneath the mould.

"And what should I make wi' a horse o' pride,
And what should I make wi' a sword so brown,
But spill the rings o' the Gentle Folk
And flyte my kin in the Fairy Town?

"And what should I make wi' blazon and belt,
Wi' keep and tail and seizin and fee,
And what should I do wi' page and squire
That am a king in my own countrie?

"For I send East and I send West,
And I send far as my will may flee,
By dawn and dusk and the drinking rain,
And syne my Sendings return to me.

"They come wi' news of the groanin' earth,
They come wi' news o' the roarin' sea,
Wi' word of Spirit and Ghost and Flesh,
And man that's mazed among the three."

The King he bit his nether lip,
And smote his hand upon his knee:
"By the faith o' my soul, True Thomas," he said,
"Ye waste no wit in courtesie!

"As I desire, unto my pride,
Can I make Earls by three and three,
To run before and ride behind
And serve the sons o' my body."

"And what care I for your row-foot earls,
Or all the sons o' your body?
Before they win to the Pride o' Name,
I trow they all ask leave o' me.

"For I make Honor wi' muckle mouth,
As I make Shame wi' mincin' feet,
To sing wi' the priests at the market-cross,
Or run wi' the dogs in the naked street.

"And some they give me the good red gold,
And some they give me the white money,
And some they give me a clout o' meal,
For they be people o' low degree.

"And the song I sing for the counted gold
The same I sing for the white money,
But best I sing for the clout o' meal
That simple people given me."

The King cast down a silver groat,
A silver groat o' Scots' money,
"If I come with a poor man's dole," he said,
"True Thomas, will ye harp to me?"

"Whenas I harp to the children small,
They press me close on either hand:
And who are you," True Thomas said,
"That you should ride while they must stand?

"Light down, light down from your horse o' pride,
I trow ye talk too loud and hie,
And I will make you a triple word,
And syne, if ye dare, ye shall 'noble me."

He has lighted down from his horse o' pride.
And set his back against the stone.
"Now guard you well," True Thomas said,
"Ere I rax your heart from your breast-bone!"

True Thomas played upon his harp,
The fairy harp that couldna' lee,
And the first least word the proud King heard,
It harpit the salt tear out o' his ee.

"Oh, I see the love that I lost long syne,
I touch the hope that I may not see
And all that I did o' hidden shame,
Like little snakes they hiss at me.

"The sun is lost at noon — at noon!
The dread o' doom has grippit me.
True Thomas, hide me under your cloak,
God wot, I'm little fit to dee!"

'Twas bent beneath and blue above —
'Twas open field and running flood —
Where, hot on heath and dyke and wall,
The high sun warmed the adder's brood.

"Lie down, lie down," True Thomas said.
"The God shall judge when all is done;
But I will bring you a better word
And lift the cloud that I laid on."

True Thomas played upon his harp,
That birled and brattled to his hand,
And the next least word True Thomas made,
It garred the King take horse and brand.

"Oh, I hear the tread o' the fighting-men,
I see the sun on splent and spear!
I mark the arrow outen the fern!
That flies so low and sings so clear!

"Advance my standards to that war,
And bid my good knights prick and ride;
The gled shall watch as fierce a fight
As e'er was fought on the Border side!"

'Twas bent beneath and blue above,
'Twas nodding grass and naked sky,
Where, ringing up the wastrel wind,
The eyass stooped upon the pye.

True Thomas sighed above his harp,
And turned the song on the midmost string
And the last least word True Thomas made
He harpit his dead youth back to the King.

"Now I am prince, and I do well
To love my love withouten fear:
To walk wi' man in fellowship,
And breathe my horse behind the deer.

"My hounds they bay unto the death,
The buck has couched beyond the burn,
My love she waits at her window
To wash my hands when I return.

"For that I live am I content
(Oh! I have seen my true love's eyes!)
To stand wi' Adam in Eden-glade,
And run in the woods o' Paradise!

'Twas blue above and bent below,
'Twas nodding grass and naked wind,
Where, checked against the open pass,
The red deer turned to wait the hind.

True Thomas laid his harp away,
And louted low at the saddle-side;
He has taken stirrup and hauden rein,
And set the King on his horse o' pride.

"Sleep ye or wake," True Thomas said,
"That sit so still, that muse so long;
Sleep ye or wake? — till the latter sleep
I trow ye'll not forget my song.

"I ha' harpit a shadow out o' the sun
To stand before your face and cry;
I ha' armed the earth beneath your heel,
And over your head I ha' dusked the sky!

"I ha' harpit ye up to the Throne o' God,
I ha' harpit your secret soul in three;
I ha' harpit ye down to the Hinges o' Hell,
And — ye — would — make — a Knight o' me!"

THE SHIP THAT FOUND HERSELF

IT WAS her first voyage, and though she was but a cargo-steamer of twenty-five hundred tons, she was the very best of her kind, the outcome of forty years of experiments and improvements in framework and machinery; and her designers and owner thought as much of her as though she had been the *Lucania*. Any one can make a floating hotel that will pay expenses, if he puts enough money into the saloon, and charges for private baths, suites of rooms, and such like; but in these days of competition and low freights every square inch of a cargo-boat must be built for cheapness, great hold-capacity, and a certain steady speed. This boat was, perhaps, two hundred and forty feet long and thirty-two feet wide, with arrangements that enabled her to carry cattle on her main and sheep on her upper deck if she wanted to; but her great glory was the amount of cargo that she could store away in her holds. Her owners — they were a very well-known Scotch firm — came round with her from the north, where she had been launched and christened and fitted, to Liverpool, where she was to take cargo for New York; and the owner's daughter, Miss Frazier, went to and fro on the clean decks, admiring the new paint and the brass work, and the patent winches, and particularly the strong, straight bow, over which she had cracked a bottle of champagne when she named the steamer the *Dimbula*. It was a beautiful September afternoon, and the boat in all her newness — she was painted

lead-color with a red funnel — looked very fine indeed. Her house-flag was flying, and her whistle from time to time acknowledged the salutes of friendly boats, who saw that she was new to the High and Narrow Seas and wished to make her welcome.

"And now," said Miss Frazier, delightedly, to the captain, "she's a real ship, isn't she? It seems only the other day father gave the order for her, and now — and now — isn't she a beauty!" The girl was proud of the firm, and talked as though she were the controlling partner.

"Oh, she's no so bad," the skipper replied cautiously. "But I'm sayin' that it takes more than christenin' to mak' a ship. In the nature o' things, Miss Frazier, if ye follow me, she's just irons and rivets and plates put into the form of a ship. She has to find herself yet."

"I thought father said she was exceptionally well found."

"So she is," said the skipper, with a laugh. "But it's this way wi' ships, Miss Frazier. She's all here, but the parrts of her have not learned to work together yet. They've had no chance."

"The engines are working beautifully. I can hear them."

"Yes, indeed. But there's more than engines to a ship. Every inch of her, ye'll understand, has to be livened up and made to work wi' its neighbor — sweetenin' her, we call it, technically."

"And how will you do it?" the girl asked.

"We can no more than drive and steer her, and so forth; but if we have rough weather this trip — it's likely — she'll learn the rest by heart! For a ship, ye'll obsairve, Miss Frazier, is in no sense a reegid body closed at both ends. She's a highly complex structure o' various an' conflictin' strains, wi' tissues that must give an' tak' accordin' to her personal modulus of elasteecity." Mr. Buchanan, the chief

engineer, was coming toward them. "I'm sayin' to Miss Frazier, here, that our little *Dimbula* has to be sweetened yet, and nothin' but a gale will do it. How's all wi' your engines, Buck?"

"Well enough — true by plumb an' rule, o' course; but there's no spontaneeity yet." He turned to the girl. "Take my word, Miss Frazier, and maybe ye'll comprehend later; even after a pretty girl's christened a ship it does not follow that there's such a thing as a ship under the men that work her."

"I was sayin' the very same, Mr. Buchanan," the skipper interrupted.

"That's more metaphysical than I can follow," said Miss Frazier, laughing.

"Why so? Ye're good Scotch, an' — I knew your mother's father, he was fra' Dumfries — ye've a vested right in metapheesics, Miss Frazier, just as ye have in the *Dimbula*," the engineer said.

"Eh, well, we must go down to the deep watters, an' earn Miss Frazier her deevidends. Will you not come to my cabin for tea?" said the skipper. "We'll be in dock the night, and when you're goin' back to Glasgie ye can think of us loadin' her down an' drivin' her forth — all for your sake."

In the next few days they stowed some four thousand tons' dead weight into the *Dimbula*, and took her out from Liverpool. As soon as she met the lift of the open water, she naturally began to talk. If you lay your ear to the side of the cabin next time you are in a steamer, you will hear hundreds of little voices in every direction, thrilling and buzzing, and whispering and popping, and gurgling and sobbing and squeaking exactly like a telephone in a thunder-storm. Wooden ships shriek and growl and grunt, but iron vessels throb and quiver through all their hundreds of ribs and

thousands of rivets. The *Dimbula* was very strongly built, and every piece of her had a letter or number, or both, to describe it; and every piece had been hammered, or forged, or rolled, or punched by man, and had lived in the roar and rattle of the shipyard for months. Therefore, every piece had its own separate voice in exact proportion to the amount of trouble spent upon it. Cast-iron, as a rule, says very little; but mild steel plates and wrought-iron, and ribs and beams that have been much bent and welded and riveted, talk continuously. Their conversation, of course, is not half as wise as our human talk, because they are all, though they do not know it, bound down one to the other in a black darkness, where they cannot tell what is happening near them, nor what will overtake them next.

As soon as she had cleared the Irish coast a sullen gray-headed old wave of the Atlantic climbed leisurely over her straight bows, and sat down on her steam-capstan used for hauling up the anchor. Now the capstan and the engine that drove it had been newly painted red and green; besides which, nobody likes being ducked.

"Don't you do that again," the capstan sputtered through the teeth of his cogs. "Hi! Where's the fellow gone?"

The wave had slouched overside with a plop and a chuckle; but "Plenty more where he came from," said a brother-wave, and went through and over the capstan, who was bolted firmly to an iron plate on the iron deck-beams below.

"Can't you keep still up there?" said the deck-beams. "What's the matter with you? One minute you weigh twice as much as you ought to, and the next you don't!"

"It isn't my fault," said the capstan. "There's a green brute outside that comes and hits me on the head."

"Tell that to the shipwrights. You've been in position

for months and you've never wriggled like this before. If you aren't careful you'll strain *us.*"

"Talking of strain," said a low, rasping, unpleasant voice, "are any of you fellows — you deck-beams, we mean — aware that those exceedingly ugly knees of yours happens to be riveted into our structure — *ours?*"

"Who might you be?" the deck-beams inquired.

"Oh, nobody in particular," was the answer. "We're only the port and starboard upper-deck stringers; and if you persist in heaving and hiking like this, we shall be reluctantly compelled to take steps."

Now the stringers of the ship are long iron girders, so to speak, that run lengthways from stern to bow. They keep the iron frames (what are called ribs in a wooden ship) in place, and also help to hold the ends of the deck-beams, which go from side to side of the ship. Stringers always consider themselves most important, because they are so long.

"You will take steps — will you?" This was a long echoing rumble. It came from the frames — scores and scores of them, each one about eighteen inches distant from the next, and each riveted to the stringers in four places. "We think you will have a certain amount of trouble in *that;*" and thousands and thousands of the little rivets that held everything together whispered: "You will. You will! Stop quivering and be quiet. Hold on, brethren! Hold on! Hot Punches! What's that?"

Rivets have no teeth, so they cannot chatter with fright; but they did their best as a fluttering jar swept along the ship from stern to bow, and she shook like a rat in a terrier's mouth.

An unusually severe pitch, for the sea was rising, had lifted the big throbbing screw nearly to the surface, and it was spinning round in a kind of soda-water — half sea and half

air — going much faster than was proper, because there was no deep water for it to work in. As it sank again, the engines — and they were triple expansion, three cylinders in a row — snorted through all their three pistons. "Was that a joke, you fellow outside? It's an uncommonly poor one. How are we to do our work if you fly off the handle that way?"

"I didn't fly off the handle," said the screw, twirling huskily at the end of the screw-shaft. "If I had, you'd have been scrap-iron by this time. The sea dropped away from under me, and I had nothing to catch on to. That's all."

"That's all, d'you call it?" said the thrust-block whose business it is to take the push of the screw; for if a screw had nothing to hold it back it would crawl right into the engine-room. (It is the holding back of the screwing action that gives the drive to a ship.) "I know I do my work deep down and out of sight, but I warn you I expect justice. All I ask for is bare justice. Why can't you push steadily and evenly instead of whizzing like a whirligig, and making me hot under all my collars." The thrust-block had six collars, each faced with brass, and he did not wish to get them heated.

All the bearings that supported the fifty feet of screw-shaft as it ran to the stern whispered: "Justice — give us justice."

"I can only give you what I can get," the screw answered. "Look out! It's coming again!"

He rose with a roar as the *Dimbula* plunged, and "whack — flack — whack — whack" went the engines, furiously, for they had little to check them.

"I'm the noblest outcome of human ingenuity — Mr. Buchanan says so," squealed the high-pressure cylinder. "This is simply ridiculous!" The piston went up savagely, and choked, for half the steam behind it was mixed with dirty water. "Help! Oiler! Fitter! Stoker! Help! I'm choking," it gasped. "Never in the history of maritime invention

has such a calamity overtaken one so young and strong. And if I go, who's to drive the ship?"

"Hush! oh, hush!" whispered the Steam, who, of course, had been to sea many times before. He used to spend his leisure ashore in a cloud, or a gutter, or a flower-pot, or a thunder-storm, or anywhere else where water was needed. "That's only a little priming, a little carrying-over, as they call it. It'll happen all night, on and off. I don't say it's nice, but it's the best we can do under the circumstances."

"What difference can circumstances make? I'm here to do my work — on clean, dry steam. Blow circumstances!" the cylinder roared.

"The circumstances will attend to the blowing. I've worked on the North Atlantic run a good many times — it's going to be rough before morning."

"It isn't distressingly calm now," said the extra-strong frames — they were called web-frames — in the engine-room. "There's an upward thrust that we don't understand, and there's a twist that is very bad for our brackets and diamond-plates, and there's a sort of west-north-westerly pull that follows the twist, which seriously annoys us. We mention this because we happened to cost a good deal of money, and we feel sure that the owner would not approve of our being treated in this frivolous way."

"I'm afraid the matter is out of owner's hands for the present," said the Steam, slipping into the condenser. "You're left to your own devices till the weather betters."

"I wouldn't mind the weather," said a flat bass voice below; "it's this confounded cargo that's breaking my heart. I'm the garboard-strake, and I'm twice as thick as most of the others, and I ought to know something."

The garboard-strake is the lowest plate in the bottom of a

ship, and the *Dimbula's* garboard-strake was nearly three-quarters of an inch mild steel.

"The sea pushes me up in a way I should never have expected," the strake grunted, "and the cargo pushes me down, and between the two, I don't know what I'm supposed to do."

"When in doubt, hold on," rumbled the Steam, making head in the boilers.

"Yes; but there's only dark, and cold, and hurry, down here; and how do I know whether the other plates are doing their duty? Those bulwark-plates up above, I've heard, ain't more than five-sixteenths of an inch thick — scandalous, I call it."

"I agree with you," said a huge web-frame by the main cargo-hatch. He was deeper and thicker than all the others, and curved halfway across the ship in the shape of half an arch, to support the deck where deck beams would have been in the way of cargo coming up and down. "I work entirely unsupported, and I observe that I am the sole strength of this vessel, so far as my vision extends. The responsibility, I assure you, is enormous. I believe the money-value of the cargo is over one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. Think of that!"

"And every pound of it is dependent on my personal exertions." Here spoke a sea-valve that communicated directly with the water outside, and was seated not very far from the garboard-strake. "I rejoice to think that I am a Prince-Hyde Valve, with best Para rubber facings. Five patents cover me — I mention this without pride — five separate and several patents, each one finer than the other. At present I am screwed fast. Should I open, you would immediately be swamped. This is incontrovertible!"

Patent things always use the longest words they can. It is a trick that they pick up from their inventors.

"That's news," said a big centrifugal bilge-pump. "I had an idea that you were employed to clean decks and things with. At least, I've used you for that more than once. I forget the precise number, in thousands, of gallons which I am guaranteed to throw per hour; but I assure you, my complaining friends, that there is not the least danger. I alone am capable of clearing any water that may find its way here. By my Biggest Deliveries, we pitched then!"

The sea was getting up in workmanlike style. It was a dead westerly gale, blown from under a ragged opening of green sky, narrowed on all sides by fat, gray clouds; and the wind bit like pincers as it fretted the spray into lacework on the flanks of the waves.

"I tell you what it is," the foremast telephoned down its wire-stays. "I'm up here, and I can take a dispassionate view of things. There's an organized conspiracy against us. I'm sure of it, because every single one of these waves is heading directly for our bows. The whole sea is concerned in it — and so's the wind. It's awful!"

"What's awful?" said a wave, drowning the capstan for the hundredth time.

"This organized conspiracy on your part," the capstan gurgled, taking his cue from the mast.

"Organized bubbles and spindrift! There has been a depression in the Gulf of Mexico. Excuse me!" He leaped overside; but his friends took up the tale one after another.

"Which has advanced ——" That wave hove green water over the funnel.

"As far as Cape Hatteras ——" He drenched the bridge.

"And is now going out to sea — to sea — to sea!" The third went free in three surges, making a clean sweep of a boat, which turned bottom up and sank in the darkening troughs alongside, while the broken falls whipped the davits.

"That's all there is to it," seethed the white water roaring through the scuppers. "There's no animus in our proceedings. We're only meteorological corollaries."

"Is it going to get any worse?" said the bow-anchor, chained down to the deck, where he could only breathe once in five minutes.

"Not knowing, can't say. Wind may blow a bit by midnight. Thanks awfully. Good-bye."

The wave that spoke so politely had traveled some distance aft, and found itself all mixed up on the deck amidships, which was a well-deck sunk between high bulwarks. One of the bulwark-plates, which was hung on hinges to open outward, had swung out, and passed the bulk of the water back to the sea again with a clean smack.

"Evidently that's what I'm made for," said the plate, closing again with a sputter of pride. "Oh, no, you don't, my friend!"

The top of a wave was trying to get in from the outside, but as the plate did not open in that direction, the defeated water spurted back.

"Not bad for five-sixteenths of an inch," said the bulwark-plate. "My work, I see, is laid down for the night;" and it began opening and shutting, as it was designed to do, with the motion of the ship.

"We are not what you might call idle," groaned all the frames together, as the *Dimbula* climbed a big wave, lay on her side at the top, and shot into the next hollow, twisting in the descent. A huge swell pushed up exactly under her middle, and her bow and stern hung free with nothing to support them. Then one joking wave caught her up at the bow, and another at the stern, while the rest of the water slunk away from under her just to see how she would like it; so she was held up at her two ends only, and the weight of the

cargo and the machinery fell on the groaning iron keels and bilge-stringers.

"Ease off! Ease off, there!" roared the garboard-strake. "I want one-eighth of an inch fair play. D'you hear me, you rivets!"

"Ease off! Ease off!" cried the bilge-stringers. "Don't hold us so tight to the frames!"

"Ease off!" grunted the deck-beams, as the *Dimbula* rolled fearfully. "You've cramped our knees into the stringers, and we can't move. Ease off, you flat-headed little nuisances.'

Then two converging seas hit the bows, one on each side, and fell away in torrents of streaming thunder.

"Ease off!" shouted the forward collision-bulkhead. "I want to crumple up, but I'm stiffened in every direction. Ease off, you dirty little forge-filings. Let me breathe!"

All the hundreds of plates that are riveted to the frames, and make the outside skin of every steamer, echoed the call, for each plate wanted to shift and creep a little, and each plate, according to its position, complained against the rivets.

"We can't help it! *We* can't help it!" they murmured in reply. "We're put here to hold you, and we're going to do it; you never pull us twice in the same direction. If you'd say what you were going to do next, we'd try to meet your views."

"As far as I could feel," said the upper-deck planking, and that was four inches thick, "every single iron near me was pushing or pulling in opposite directions. Now, what's the sense of that? My friends, let us all pull together."

"Pull any way you please," roared the funnel, "so long as you don't try your experiments on *me*. I need fourteen wire ropes, all pulling in different directions, to hold me steady. Isn't that so?"

"We believe you, my boy!" whistled the funnel-stays

through their clinched teeth, as they twanged in the wind from the top of the funnel to the deck.

"Nonsense! We must all pull together," the decks repeated. "Pull lengthways."

"Very good," said the stringers; "then stop pushing sideways when you get wet. Be content to run gracefully fore and aft, and curve in at the ends as we do."

"No — no curves at the end! A very slight workmanlike curve from side to side, with a good grip at each knee, and little pieces welded on," said the deck-beams.

"Fiddle!" cried the iron pillars of the deep, dark hold. "Who ever heard of curves. Stand up straight; be a perfectly round column, and carry tons of good solid weight — like that! There!" A big sea smashed on the deck above, and the pillars stiffened themselves to the load.

"Straight up and down is not bad," said the frames, who ran that way in the sides of the ship, "but you must also expand yourselves sideways. Expansion is the law of life, children. Open out! open out!"

"Come back!" said the deck-beams, savagely, as the upward heave of the sea made the frames try to open. "Come back to your bearings, you slack-jawed irons!"

"Rigidity! Rigidity! Rigidity!" thumped the engines. "Absolute, unvarying rigidity — rigidity!"

"You see!" whined the rivets, in chorus. "No two of you will ever pull alike, and — and you blame it all on us. We only know how to go through a plate and bite down on both sides so that it can't, and mustn't, and shan't move."

"I've got one-fraction of an inch play, at any rate," said the garboard-strake, triumphantly. So he had, and all the bottom of the ship felt the easier for it.

"Then we're no good," sobbed the bottom rivets. "We were ordered — we were ordered — never to give; and we've

given, and the sea will come in, and we'll all go to the bottom together! First we're blamed for everything unpleasant, and now we haven't the consolation of having done our work."

"Don't say I told you," whispered the Steam, consolingly; "but, between you and me and the last cloud I came from, it was bound to happen sooner or later. You *had* to give a fraction, and you've given without knowing it. Now, hold on as before."

"What's the use?" a few hundred rivets chattered. "We've given — we've given; and the sooner we confess that we can't keep the ship together, and go off our little heads, the easier it will be. No rivet forged can stand this strain."

"No one rivet was ever meant to. Share it among you," the Steam answered.

"The others can have my share. I'm going to pull out," said a rivet in one of the forward plates.

"If you go, others will follow," hissed the Steam. "There's nothing so contagious in a boat as rivets going. Why, I knew a little chap like you — he was an eighth of an inch fatter, though — on a steamer — to be sure, she was only twelve hundred tons, now I come to think of it — in exactly the same place as you are. He pulled out in a bit of a bobble of a sea, not half as bad as this, and he started all his friends on the same butt-strap, and the plates opened like a furnace door, and I had to climb into the nearest fog-bank, while the boat went down."

"Now that's peculiarly disgraceful," said the rivet. "Fatter than me, was he, and in a steamer not half our tonnage? Reedy little peg! I blush for the family, sir." He settled himself more firmly than ever in his place, and the Steam chuckled.

"You see," he went on, quite gravely, "a rivet, and espe-

cially a rivet in your position, is really the one indispensable part of the ship."

The Steam did not say that he had whispered the very same thing to every single piece of iron aboard. There is no sense in telling too much truth.

And all that while the little *Dimbula* pitched and chopped, and swung and slewed, and lay down as though she were going to die, and got up as though she had been stung, and threw her nose round and round in circles half a dozen times as she dipped; for the gale was at its worst. It was inky black, in spite of the tearing white froth on the waves, and, to top everything, the rain began to fall in sheets, so that you could not see your hand before your face. This did not make much difference to the ironwork below, but it troubled the foremast a good deal.

"Now it's all finished," he said dismally. "The conspiracy is too strong for us. There is nothing left but to ——"

"*Hurraar! Brrrraaah! Brrrrrp!*" roared the Steam through the fog-horn, till the decks quivered. "Don't be frightened, below. It's only me, just throwing out a few words, in case any one happened to be rolling round to-night."

"You don't mean to say there's any one except *us* on the sea in such weather?" said the funnel in a husky snuffle.

"Scores of 'em," said the Steam, clearing its throat, "*Rrrrrraaa! Brraaaaa! Prrrrp!* It's a trifle windy up here; and, Great Boilers! how it rains!"

"We're drowning," said the scuppers. They had been doing nothing else all night, but this steady thrash of rain above them seemed to be the end of the world.

"That's all right. We'll be easier in an hour or two. First the wind and then the rain: Soon you may make sail again *Grrraaaaaah! Drrrraaaa! Drrrp!* I have a notion that the sea is going down already. If it does you'll learn something

about rolling. We've only pitched till now. By the way, aren't you chaps in the hold a little easier than you were?"

There was just as much groaning and straining as ever, but it was not so loud or squeaky in tone; and when the ship quivered she did not jar stiffly, like a poker hit on the floor, but gave with a supple little waggle, like a perfectly balanced golf-club.

"We have made a most amazing discovery," said the stringers, one after another. "A discovery that entirely changes the situation. We have found, for the first time in the history of shipbuilding, that the inward pull of the deck-beams and the outward thrust of the frames locks us, as it were, more closely in our places, and enables us to endure a strain which is entirely without parallel in the records of marine architecture."

The Steam turned a laugh quickly into a roar up the fog-horn. "What massive intellects you great stringers have," he said softly, when he had finished.

"We also," began the deck-beams, "are discoverers and geniuses. We are of opinion that the support of the hold-pillars materially helps us. We find that we lock up on them when we are subjected to a heavy and singular weight of sea above."

Here the *Dimbula* shot down a hollow, lying almost on her side — righting at the bottom with a wrench and a spasm.

"In these cases — are you aware of this, Steam? — the plating at the bows, and particularly at the stern — we would also mention the floors beneath us — help *us* to resist any tendency to spring." The frames spoke, in the solemn, awed voice which people use when they have just come across something entirely new for the very first time.

"I'm only a poor puffy little flutterer," said the Steam, "but I have to stand a good deal of pressure in my business.

It's all tremendously interesting. Tell us some more. You fellows are so strong."

"Watch us and you'll see," said the bow-plates, proudly. "Ready, behind there! Here's the Father and Mother of Waves coming! Sit tight, rivets all!" A great sluicing comber thundered by, but through the scuffle and confusion the Steam could hear the low, quick cries of the ironwork as the various strains took them — cries like these: "Easy, now — easy! *Now* push for all your strength! Hold out! Give a fraction! Hold up! Pull in! Shove crossways! Mind the strain at the ends! Grip, now! Bite tight! Let the water get away from under — and there she goes!"

The wave raced off into the darkness, shouting, "Not bad, that, if it's your first run!" and the drenched and ducked ship throbbed to the beat of the engines inside her. All three cylinders were white with the salt spray that had come down through the engine-room hatch; there was white fur on the canvas-bound steam-pipes, and even the bright-work deep below was speckled and soiled; but the cylinders had learned to make the most of steam that was half water, and were pounding along cheerfully.

"How's the noblest outcome of human ingenuity hitting it?" said the Steam, as he whirled through the engine-room.

"Nothing for nothing in this world of woe," the cylinders answered, as though they had been working for centuries, "and precious little for seventy-five pounds' head. We've made two knots this last hour and a quarter! Rather humiliating for eight hundred horsepower, isn't it?"

"Well, it's better than drifting astern, at any rate. You seem rather less — how shall I put it? — stiff in the back than you were."

"If you'd been hammered as we've been this night, you wouldn't be stiff — iff — iff, either. Theoreti — retti — retti

— cally, of course, rigidity is the thing. Purrr — purr — practically, there has to be a little give and take. *We* found that out by working on our sides for five minutes at a stretch — chch — chh. How's the weather?"

"Sea's going down fast," said the Steam.

"Good business," said the high-pressure cylinder. "Whack her up, boys. They've given us five pounds more steam;" and he began humming the first bars of "Said the Young Obadiah to the Old Obadiah," which, as you may have noticed, is a pet tune among engines not built for high speed. Racing-liners with twin-screws sing "The Turkish Patrol," and the overture to the "Bronze Horse," and "Madame Angot," till something goes wrong, and then they render Gounod's "Funeral March of a Marionette," with variations.

"You'll learn a song of your own some fine day," said the Steam, as he flew up the fog-horn for one last bellow.

Next day the sky cleared and the sea dropped a little, and the *Dimbula* began to roll from side to side till every inch of iron in her was sick and giddy. But luckily they did not all feel ill at the same time: otherwise she would have opened out like a wet paper box.

The Steam whistled warnings as he went about his business: it is in this short, quick roll and tumble that follows heavy sea that most of the accidents happen, for then everything thinks that the worst is over and goes off guard. So he orated and chattered till the beams and frames and floors and stringers and things had learned how to lock down and lock up on one another, and endure this new kind of strain.

They found ample time to practise, for they were sixteen days at sea, and it was foul weather till within a hundred miles of New York. The *Dimbula* picked up her pilot and came in covered with salt and red rust. Her funnel was dirty gray from top to bottom; two boats had been carried away; three

copper ventilators looked like hats after a fight with the police; the bridge had a dimple in the middle of it; the house that covered the steam steering-gear was split as with hatchets; there was a bill for small repairs in the engine-room almost as long as the screw-shaft; the forward cargo-hatch fell into bucket-staves when they raised the iron cross-bars; and the steam-capstan had been badly wrenched on its bed. Altogether, as the skipper said, it was "a pretty general average."

"But she's soupled," he said to Mr. Buchanan. "For all her dead weight she rode like a yacht. Ye mind that last blow off the Banks? I am proud of her, Buck."

"It's vera good," said the chief engineer, looking along the disheveled decks. "Now, a man judgin' superfeecially would say we were a wreck. but we know otherwise — by experience."

Naturally everything in the *Dimbula* fairly stiffened with pride, and the foremast and the forward collision-bulkhead who are pushing creatures, begged the Steam to warn the Port of New York of their arrival. "Tell those big boats all about us," they said. "They seem to take us quite as a matter of course."

It was a glorious, clear, dead calm morning, and in single file, with less than half a mile between each, their bands playing and their tugboats shouting and waving handkerchiefs, were the *Majestic*, the *Paris*, the *Touraine*, the *Servia*, the *Kaiser Wilhelm II*, and the *Werkendam*, all statelily going out to sea. As the *Dimbula* shifted her helm to give the great boats clear way, the Steam (who knows far too much to mind making an exhibition of himself now and then) shouted:

"Oyez! Oyez! Oyez! Princes, Dukes, and Barons of the High Seas! Know ye by these presents, we are the *Dimbula*, fifteen days nine hours from Liverpool, having

crossed the Atlantic with four thousand ton of cargo for the first time in our career! We have not foundered. We are here. *'Eer! 'Eer!* We are not disabled. But we have had a time wholly unparalleled in the annals of shipbuilding! Our decks were swept! We pitched; we rolled! We thought we were going to die! *Hi! Hi!* But we didn't. We wish to give notice that we have come to New York all the way across the Atlantic through the worst weather in the world; and we are the *Dimbula!* We are — arr — ha — ha — ha-r-r-r!"

The beautiful line of boats swept by as steadily as the procession of the Seasons. The *Dimbula* heard the *Majestic* say, "Hmph!" and the *Paris* grunted, "How!" and the *Touraine* said, "Oui!" with a little coquettish flicker of steam; and the *Servia* said, "Haw!" and the *Kaiser* and the *Werkendam* said, "Hoch!" Dutch fashion — and that was absolutely all.

"I did my best," said the Steam, gravely, "but I don't think they were much impressed with us, somehow. Do you?"

"It's simply disgusting," said the bow-plates. "They might have seen what we've been through. There isn't a ship on the sea that has suffered as we have — is there, now?"

"Well, I wouldn't go so far as that," said the Steam, "because I've worked on some of those boats, and sent them through weather quite as bad as the fortnight that we've had, in six days; and some of them are a little over ten thousand tons, I believe. Now I've seen the *Majestic*, for instance, ducked from her bows to her funnel; and I've helped the *Arizona*, I think she was, to back off an iceberg she met with one dark night; and I had to run out of the *Paris's* engine-room, one day, because there was thirty foot of water in it. Of course, I don't deny ——" The Steam shut off suddenly, as a tugboat, loaded with a political club and a brass band,

that had been to see a New York Senator off to Europe, crossed their bows, going to Hoboken. There was a long silence that reached, without a break, from the cut-water to the propeller-blades of the *Dimbula*.

Then a new, big voice said slowly and thickly, as though the owner had just waked up: "It's my conviction that I have made a fool of myself."

The Steam knew what had happened at once; for when a ship finds herself, all the talking of separate pieces ceases and melts into one voice, which is the soul of the ship.

"Who are you?" he said, with a laugh.

"I am the *Dimbula*, of course. I've never been anything else except that — and a fool!"

The tugboat, which was doing its very best to be run down, got away just in time, its band playing clashily and brassily a popular but impolite air:

> In the days of old Rameses — are you on?
> In the days of old Rameses — are you on?
> In the days of old Rameses,
> That story had paresis,
> Are you on — are you on — are you on?

"Well, I'm glad you've found yourself," said the Steam. "To tell the truth I was a little tired of talking to all those ribs and stringers. Here's Quarantine. After that we'll go to out wharf and clean up a little, and — next month we'll do it all over again."

THE BALLAD OF EAST AND WEST

(1889)

OH, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

Kamal is out with twenty men to raise the Borderside,
And he has lifted the Colonel's mare that is the Colonel's pride:
He has lifted her out of the stable-door between the dawn and the day,
And turned the calkins upon her feet, and ridden her far away.
Then up and spoke the Colonel's son that led a troop of the Guides:
"Is there never a man of all my men can say where Kamal hides?"
Then up and spoke Mohammed Khan, the son of the Ressaldar:
"If ye know the track of the morning-mist, ye know where his pickets are.

"At dusk he harries the Abazai — at dawn he is into Bonair,
"But he must go by Fort Bukloh to his own place to fare;
"So if ye gallop to Fort Bukloh as fast as a bird can fly,
"By the favor of God ye may cut him off ere he win to the Tongue of Jagai.
"But if he be past the Tongue of Jagai, right swiftly turn ye then,
"For the length and the breadth of that grisly plain is sown with Kamal's men.
"There is rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
"And ye may hear a breech-bolt snick where never a man is seen."
The Colonel's son has taken a horse, and a raw rough dun was he,
With the mouth of a bell and the heart of Hell and the head of a gallows-tree.
The Colonel's son to the Fort has won, they bid him stay to eat—
Who rides at the tail of a Border thief, he sits not long at his meat.
He's up and away from Fort Bukloh as fast as he can fly,
Till he was aware of his father's mare in the gut of the Tongue of Jagai,
Till he was aware of his father's mare with Kamal upon her back,
And when he could spy the white of her eye, he made the pistol crack.
He has fired once, he has fired twice, but the whistling ball went wide.
"Ye shoot like a soldier," Kamal said. "Show now if ye can ride."
It's up and over the Tongue of Jagai, as blown dust-devils go,
The dun he fled like a stag of ten, but the mare like a barren doe.

The dun he leaned against the bit and slugged his head above,
But the red mare played with the snaffle-bars, as a maiden plays with a glove.
There was rock to the left, and rock to the right, and low lean thorn between,
And thrice he heard a breech-bolt snick tho' never a man was seen.
They have ridden the low moon out of the sky, their hoofs drum up the dawn,
The dun he went like a wounded bull, but the mare like a new-roused fawn.
The dun he fell at a water-course — in a woeful heap fell he,
And Kamal has turned the red mare back, and pulled the rider free.
He has knocked the pistol out of his hand — small room was there to strive,
"'Twas only by favor of mine," quoth he "ye rode so long alive:
"There was not a rock for twenty mile, there was not a clump of tree,
"But covered a man of my own men with his rifle cocked on his knee.
"If I had raised my bridle-hand, as I have held it low,
"The little jackals that flee so fast were feasting all in a row:
"If I had bowed my head on my breast, as I have held it high,
"The kite that whistles above us now were gorged till she could not fly."
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "Do good to bird and beast,
"But count who come for the broken meats before thou makest a feast.
"If there should follow a thousand swords to carry my bones away,

"Belike the price of a jackal's meal were more than a thief could pay.
"They will feed their horse on the standing crop, their men on the garnered grain,
"The thatch of the byres will serve their fires when all the cattle are slain.
"But if thou thinkest the price be fair—thy brethren wait to sup,
"The hound is kin to the jackal-spawn — howl, dog, and call them up!
"And if thou thinkest the price be high, in steer and gear and stack,
"Give me my father's mare again, and I'll fight my own way back!"
Kamal has gripped him by the hand and set him upon his feet.
"No talk shall be of dogs," said he, "when wolf and gray wolf meet.
"May I eat dirt if thou hast hurt of me in deed or breath;
"What dam of lances brought thee forth to jest at the dawn with Death?"
Lightly answered the Colonel's son: "I hold by the blood of my clan:
"Take up the mare for my father's gift — by God, she has carried a man!"
The red mare ran to the Colonel's son, and nuzzled against his breast;
"We be two strong men," said Kamal then, "but she loveth the younger best.
"So she shall go with a lifter's dower, my turquoise-studded rein,
"My broidered saddle and saddle-cloth, and silver stirrups 'twain.'
The Colonel's son a pistol drew, and held it muzzle-end,

"Ye have taken the one from a foe," said he; "will ye take
the mate from a friend?"
"A gift for a gift," said Kamal straight; "a limb for the risk
of a limb.
"Thy father has sent his son to me, I'll send my son to him!"
With that he whistled his only son, that dropped from a
mountain-crest —
He trod the ling like a buck in spring, and he looked like a
lance in rest.
"Now here is thy master," Kamal said, "who leads a troop
of the Guides,
"And thou must ride at his left side as shield on shoulder
rides.
"Till Death or I cut loose the tie, at camp and board and
bed,
"Thy life is his — thy fate it is to guard him with thy head.
"So, thou must eat the White Queen's meat, and all her foes
are thine,
"And thou must harry thy father's hold for the peace of the
Border-line
"And thou must make a trooper tough, and hack thy way to
power —
"Belike they will raise thee to Ressaldar when I am hanged in
Peshawur."
They have looked each other between the eyes, and there they
found no fault,
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on leavened
bread and salt:
They have taken the Oath of the Brother-in-Blood on fire and
fresh-cut sod,
On the hilt and the haft of the Khyber knife, and the Won-
drous Names of God.

The Colonel's son he rides the mare and Kamal's boy the dun,
And two have come back to Fort Bukloh where there went forth but one.
And when they drew to the Quarter-Guard, full twenty swords flew clear —
There was not a man but carried his feud with the blood of the mountaineer.
"Ha' done! ha' done!" said the Colonel's son. "Put up the steel at your sides!
"Last night ye had struck at a Border thief — to-night 'tis a man of the Guides!"

Oh, East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet,
Till Earth and Sky stand presently at God's great Judgment Seat;
But there is neither East nor West, Border, nor Breed, nor Birth,
When two strong men stand face to face, tho' they come from the ends of the earth!

RECESSIONAL

(1897)

GOD of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law —
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget — lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word —
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

THE END

(1)

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